September 1967

EDITOR
The Path of Satyagraha

TERENCE WHITE GERVAIS
Eastern Elements in Goethe's World View

R. N. KAK
"Consciousness" in Buddhism

F. H. ANGOLD
Schubert: The Natural Composer

BRIAN G. COOPER
On East-West Understanding

BOOKS REVIEWED INCLUDE

The Continent of Circe; the late Abul Kalam Azad's *Tarjumān al-Qur'ān*; *Alchemy*; Dallas Kenmare's *Love, the Unknown*; *Music Therapy*; *A Gift of Prophecy*; *A History of the Arya Samaj*; *Country Life in England*; *Indian Systems of Writing*.

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THE ARYAN PATH

VOLUME XXXVIII - NO. 9

Point out the 'Way'
however dimly and lost among the host —
as does the Evening Star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

Editor:
SOPHIA WADIA

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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and
lost among the host — as does the evening star
to those who tread their path in darkness.

— *The Voice of the Silence*

VOL. XXXVIII SEPTEMBER 1967 No. 9

The Path of Satyagraha

[We propose to print in two instalments this contribution originally made to the volume *Mahatma Gandhi: Essays and Reflections on His Life and Work,* edited by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan for presentation to Gandhiji on his seventieth birthday, 2 October 1939, and published in the same year by George Allen and Unwin of London. The first part appears below; the second will appear next month, in which falls the anniversary of Gandhiji's birth.—ED.]

I

GANDHIJI is a practical mystic whose philosophy of life and whose political programme are at once an inspiration to thousands and a puzzle to millions. While his philosophy of Soul-life can be understood in theory by an intelligent individual, and its principles practised by the ardent and resolute aspirant, his political programme will remain a riddle until he is perceived as a figure evolving very naturally out of the long, long past of India and in a real sense embodying the forces which are moulding its present history.

Present-day India is not a new civilization on an ancient soil, like Iran or Egypt. The living stream of Indian consciousness in the twentieth century is a continuity, the same stream which has been steadily flowing for millennia. Even the results of archaeological excavations in India take on a new meaning and come to possess a new value unlike any other finds, except perhaps those in China. For example, the pyramids speak of the glory of an Egypt that is gone; not so, let us say, Mohenjo-Daro, which is not a relic, but an organism in the living culture of India.

In reality there is no modern India in the sense in which we speak of modern Iran or modern Egypt; it is not modern even in the sense in which Japan is, i.e., the same old people metamorphosed into modernity. Modernized India exists only in large cities and even there but very par-

tially. There is a tendency in a not negligible portion of English-speaking India to "go modern"; that tendency unfortunately seems to be gathering force, though it is being checked by the writings and activities of Gandhiji. Modernized India will come into existence only when his influence is rejected and his political methods have fallen into desuetude. That would be, for India as well as for the world, an even greater catastrophe than was India's rejection of Buddha's doctrines. That rejection was bad and injurious but did not kill India's culture, though it stemmed its rising tide and deprived her of the opportunity of serving the world at large on as great a scale as she might have done.

It is necessary to view Gandhiji's life activities as a developing and an unfinished chapter of Indian history. Our Indian history has been primarily made by spiritual individualities. Great kingdoms with arts and literature of monumental proportions grew naturally from the roots of spiritual culture embodied and taught by those individualities. For example, the Empire of Asoka and the art of Ajanta are fruits of but a single branch of a giant tree; that branch is Gautama Buddha. There are numerous branches of that tree whose trunk represents the indivisible culture of the previous Buddhas, including the Vedic seers and singers; its roots are buried in still more ancient soil known in Pauranik lore as *śaka dwīpa* and *śveta dwīpa*. It is necessary to view Gandhiji as a living central figure on the twentieth-century canvas of Indian history which presents in its background details covering millions of years.

The mighty spiritual individualities who have played the leading role in our history have always been integrated beings. They integrated themselves by disciplining their warring members. The more complete the harmonious fusion of the activity of the hands, the head, and the heart, the greater the individuality. Not by outer opulence but by inner enrichment have they served their beloved Motherland. When necessary they have worn a royal garb, as in Rama's case; in another era Siddhartha, also a Prince, exchanged his sceptre for the begging-bowl of the Buddha; both were integrated individualities. There have been others — poets, seers, sages, all of them different in their outer appearance and working in environments which were different, but all of them the same in their inner consciousness — minds enlightened by souls, hearts full of the *Tathāgata* Light. Of them it might be said not so much that they were the makers of Indian history as that they were made by world-history, that is, by the power of the Spirit in the region called *Bhāratavarṣa*, described as *Karma-bhūmi*, the "Land of Works." They all served humanity by sustaining India's real nature, her innate property, her spiritual law and order, which are all implicit in the term *Dharma*. This line of thought

may appear fanciful and historically unsound. Occidental scholars complain of the lack of the sense of history in the Indian people of the past; they err in this, because they are looking for that particular type of the historical sense with which they are most familiar. Gandhiji himself has described history as understood and interpreted by Occidental culture in this way:

> History is really a record of every interruption of the even working of the force of love or of the Soul. ... Soul-force being natural is not noted in history.

In this negative sense our old records are very unhistorical; they deal mostly with actions of the Soul and their emphasis is on moral forces and ideals rather than on mundane matters. The Purāṇas are history in this sense.

The difficulty of the Occidental historian reappears in a slightly altered aspect in the modern politician — British or Western-minded — who finds that Gandhiji is lacking in the political sense; for to the modern politician the political sense expresses itself in one way and in no other. Brahmana sages at the courts of kings and emperors, like Vasiṣṭha, the adviser of Daśaratha at Ayodhyā, were politicians of the highest order, but their heirs of today would not succeed in gathering sufficient votes to enter a Western parliament.

The so-called inconsistencies and impracticalities of Gandhiji are understood when we see him as a Soul, and when we take into account the fact that he is one who refuses to make compromises between his head and his heart, who declines to go against his own conscience, who views all events not from a mundane standpoint, but as avenues for Soul-learning for himself and of Soul-service of others. He practises his philosophy; he lives up to his principles; and therefore he remains a puzzle of varying bafflement to all who compromise and so remain in a disintegrated state of mental confusion and of moral concessions to the flesh and to the world of the flesh.

If we clearly perceive two facts, of Gandhiji's being (1) neither a politician nor a philosopher nor a theologian, but a spiritual reformer; and (2) one who incarnates within himself the Spirit of India or of *Ārya-Dharma* (Religion of the Noble Soul) and is thus writing the chapter of present-day history, we get the correct perspective of his multifarious activities.

Gandhiji is best known to the world as the political leader of India. No doubt people speak of him as a mystic and a religious man, but often his religion is looked upon as of only secondary importance, and Britishers and even many among his own countrymen err in understanding his

statements because they hear and use them as if those statements were made by a patriotic politician. They overlook the significance of his rule that "politics without morality is a thing to be avoided." He is giving a new value to patriotism and to nationalism, which are root-causes of world chaos today, when he asserts, "My patriotism is subservient to my religion." He will not harm the enemy of India because to harm anyone is irreligious.

It is therefore necessary that we enquire about the inner religion of Gandhiji. He calls himself a Hindu, but he is such only in the sense that the universal teachings expressed in Hinduism appeal to him most and most directly. He writes:

> *Dharma*, i.e., religion in the highest sense of the term, includes Hinduism, Islam, Christianity, etc., but is superior to them all. You may recognize it by the name of Truth, not the honesty of expedience but the living Truth that pervades everything and will survive all destruction and all transformation.
>
> Religion is dear to me; and my first complaint is that India is becoming irreligious. Here I am not thinking of the Hindu and Mohamedan or the Zoroastrian religion but of that religion which underlies all religions. We are turning away from God.

Gandhiji defines God as "an indefinable mysterious power that pervades everything." He explains:

> I do perceive that, whilst everything around me is ever-changing and ever-dying, there is, underlying all that change, a living power that is changeless, that holds all together, that creates, dissolves and re-creates. That informing Power or Spirit is God.

That God is triune — *Sat-Chit-Ānanda or* Truth-Knowledge-Bliss.

> The word "*Satya*" (Truth) is derived from "*Sat*" which means being. And nothing is or exists in reality except Truth. ... And where there is Truth, there also is knowledge, pure knowledge. ... And where there is true knowledge there is always bliss.

That God is "within every one" and "every man is the image of God," therefore in each one of us there exists *Sat-Chit-Ānanda* — but only partially unfolded, for it is covered over by error and ignorance. By the power of that Deity within ought men to endeavour to live, and when Gandhiji complains that Indians are turning away from God he means that they are not trying to live by the Power of God within them. "Man is higher than the brute" and "has a divine mission to fulfil." "We know the earth, we are strangers to the heaven within us."

What is that higher mission of man? To find Truth by right knowledge

which alone is capable of bringing lasting bliss. "To find Truth completely is to realize oneself and one's destiny, i.e., to become perfect."

But man has a lower animal nature. Imperfection is therefore stamped on the clay of which man's body is formed. The first necessary step is to recognize the existence of the latent perfection as well as the activity of the enveloping imperfection. Gandhiji puts forward in a telling way the work involved when we come face to face with our dual constitution — divine and demoniac. He says:

> I am painfully conscious of my imperfections and therein lies all the strength I possess, because it is a rare thing for a man to know his own limitations.

Because we do not know specifically our own limitations, we remain blind to the divinity within us. Our weaknesses raise the question of dealing with and defeating them, and naturally that question takes us to the Soul and to the power of the Soul within. It is the conquest of these weaknesses that makes "Life a perpetual triumph over the grave."

EDITOR

(To be concluded)

ONLY when thinking thus becomes quite humble can it set its feet upon the way that leads to knowledge. The more profound a religion is, the more it realizes this fact — that what it knows through belief is little compared with what it does not know. The first active deed of thinking is resignation — acquiescence in what happens. Becoming free, inwardly, from what happens, we pass through the gate of recognition on the way to ethics.

The deeper we look into nature, the more we recognize that it is full of life, and the more profoundly we know that all life is a secret and that we are united with all life that is in nature. Man can no longer live his life for himself alone. We realize that all life is valuable and that we are united to all this life. From this knowledge comes our spiritual relationship to the universe.

—ALBERT SCHWEITZER

TERENCE WHITE GERVAIS

Eastern Elements in Goethe's World View

[Mr. Terence White Gervais's special interest in Eastern religious and literary thought has been shown frequently in our pages in his reviews of books in these fields. He also contributed to our February 1967 issue a memorial tribute to the late Arthur Waley. In this interesting article he examines certain elements in Goethe's world view which strike him as parallel to Eastern thought, and also Goethe's direct interest in Eastern traditions. He considers that Goethe will prove to be a creative example of East-West synthesis. Another article in this issue, Mr. Brian G. Cooper's "On East-West Understanding," offers reflections on the same problem.—ED.]

MORE maybe than any other Western spirit in recent times, Goethe can stand as a potential uniter of Europe with Asia. Himself labyrinthine, he can forge a clarity through the as yet confused relations between East and West, the several Easts and the many Wests. "In my Father's pharmacy are many prescriptions": a typical saying of the sage of Conciliation and Harmony. His own vision of a "World-literature" (*Weltliteratur*), and his consciousness of being the eagle-poet "who with free glance soars over different lands" impartially, express a spirit both cosmopolitan and cosmic. Throughout his fifty-five volumes there is no sentence of German nationalism, though no other land could have produced his peculiar blend of qualities. This breadth of sympathy (marred of course by a few human exceptions) is paralleled by his versatility, equalled only by the giants of Renaissance Italy. Indeed the Danish critic Brandes described him as "the Renaissance raised to a higher power"; now that the Renaissance and its after-glow need to give place to a still wider, more exciting synthesis, Goethe, who already blends Hellenic lucidity with German and modern complication, can contribute much to the new awakening.

Studies in entoptics led him to the principle of "Recurrent Reflection," by which, in their course from mirror to mirror, entoptical phenomena "do not pale, but become kindled thereby." The past is thus preserved in living form and also raised to a higher existence; while in his poetry Goethe reveals subtle, unusual experiences by means of "images which confront each other and are, so to speak, reflected in one another." And so we can aim at a "mutual, or recurrent, reflection" between the various cultures of the one world. Further still — how typical of the Goethean pattern of the interlocking of forms! — this very concept of mutually creative reflections seems akin to basic principles of Indian thought.[1]

[1] This principle is in use both in psychology and in modern philosophy of science (e.g., Heisenberg).

Clearly there is no space here to detail Goethe's versatility. I propose merely to describe: *first,* his actual conscious contacts with Oriental cultures and, *secondly,* his unconscious Oriental links. The conscious contacts have frequently been discussed; but subtler and of deeper import are the unconscious links. At the same time, it should be stressed that Goethe remained Occidental — except in China, the Asian mind does not spring so readily to the rationalism which was one side of his mentality — and typically Western in his emphasis on the individual:

> Let highest joy of the children of Earth
> Be Personality alone.[2]

Goethe knew no Eastern tongue except some Hebrew; maybe his Hebraic studies, together with his mentor Herder's experiences of non-European Russia, stimulated him towards the Middle East. No Asian culture received Goethe's conscious homage so fully as the Persian branch of the Islamic. Among many unfinished projects of his quicksilver youth was a drama on Mahomet. Extant is only the poem "Mahomet's Son." Already — unusual for his era — Goethe had mastered the *Koran* in translation. Self-styled "the great Heathen," he could still give glowing expression to simple Semitic monotheism, as in the Prologue to *Faust*: with its Chorus of Archangels:

> Thy indescribably lofty works
> Are splendid as on the first day.[3]

More to his taste, however, was semi-Islamic Iran with her Sufi tolerance and quasi-Greek aestheticism. This source inspired one of his most lovable works: the *West-East Divan.* Here is an urbane series of poems to Hafiz or in his style. With no other poet of the past did Goethe — so spiritual, so sensuous, so wine-loving — feel such affinity. Persian titles abound (*Hikmet Nameh,* Book of Sayings; *Saki Nameh,* Book of the Cup-bearer, etc.) and Persian personal names (Hatem, Suleika, etc.), as well as that of "the Poet" himself. Often Hafiz is addressed directly: e.g., "Thou who without being pious art blessed!" "Wisdom"-epigrams (*à la* Sadi) alternate with poems of sensuality, and levity (e.g., "Is the Koran eternal? — Wine is eternal") alternates with profound, near-tragic imagery (the moth's longing for death in the flame, the reckless longing of lovers, the longing of the unborn soul "for death into what we call life"). And over all sings a divine Mozartian lightness. The *Divan* is a unique

---

[2] *Hochstes Glück der Erdenkinder*
Sei nur die Personlichkeit. (*West-East Divan*)

[3] *Dein unbeschreiblich hohen Werke*
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

work, both in form and as a West-East tribute. Amid the German Romantics' rediscovery of Calderón, Goethe dares to write: "Only he who loves and knows Hafiz can know what Calderón has sung."

In 1832, the year of his death, occurs this pregnant riddle: "For in Islam we all live, under whatever form we give ourselves courage." Yet he could well say the same of other forms of belief, even of the cults of Sun and Fire; to Christ and the Sun alike he could pray, though not to holy relics! Each religion was a part of the whole which burns and strives in one.

Such a stance is of course more Hindu than Islamic. His factual contacts with India, however, were fewer. Yet how many Western poets could have produced a ballade like "The God and the Bayadere" or the moving "Paria"? ("Paria" consists of an opening prayer to Brahma, a lengthier "Legend," and the Paria's concluding thanks.) Even more significant was his eager greeting of the first translations of Indian literature, such as *Shakuntala,* of which he wrote an appreciation. With the Far East his contacts were less: it is easy to forget how recent has been Western access to Chinese or Japanese art or thought.[4] Goethe did apparently, as a "progressive" patrician conservative, esteem the contemporary Manchu Emperor; while a certain official stiffness in the later Goethe might almost be termed neo-Confucian! Unconsciously akin to the essential Goethe are the vast serenity of Tao, the contrasting development-symbol of the Dragon, and gnomic verse.

The indirect, but essential, Asian elements in Goethe have been recognized by many great thinkers of the modern East: Tagore is one example. Another is the universalist Muslim poet Muhammad Iqbal, who admired Goethe above all other Western poets and thinkers.[5] Goethean are Iqbal's idea that "after having reached God, the wandering *in* God begins" and his vision of "a never-ending activity of the Ego even after the so-called corporeal death."[6] Iqbal himself quotes Goethe's words: "Let us progress until, summoned by the World-spirit, we return to the ether. May then the eternal Living One not deny us new activities, analogous to those in which we have already tested ourselves." Yet Goethe could equally well, as a child of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, write: "He who has art and science, already has religion; he who has neither let him have

[4] To Dr. Ruth Gaevernitz I owe the suggestive comparison of the description of the Waterfall in *Faust* with Chinese painting: in each, the immensity of Nature is contrasted with the smallness of Man.

[5] See ANNEMARIE SCHIMMEL: *Time and Eternity in the Work of Muhammad Iqbal.* (International Congress for the History of Religions, Marburg. 1960)

[6] Cf. also Iqbal's world citizenship, so like Goethe's "Indeed the entire world is our native land."

religions." Truly this contrast is itself akin to Indian views of truth's versatility — as in the Jain *Syādvāda.*

Two patterns of thought, each rich in subdivisions, which reveal each other through "recurrent reflection."[7] Surely all these methods are "legitimate." His "optimism" can be seen also as an unconscious blending of Oriental thought with a kind of "inverted" existentialism. For him, as in the Upanishads, every tiny piece of life was a particle of the unnameable Whole (sometimes "Godhead"): hence hope, richness, luxury of variety, but also the congestion of many tense individualities, for Goethe possessed in full the Western "sense of the individual." Yet here is no perverted cult of "action" or "Magic," into which existentialist despair can well descend.

Neo-existentialist might seem the youthful Goethe's resolve "To be good and evil, like Nature herself" — a dangerous attitude, later mellowed, but in its essence of "getting beyond" purely moral distinctions not alien to Brahmanic or Taoist thought. "Nature" remained a Goethean ideal: neo-pantheistic, yet close to scientific practice, is the "Essay on Nature" which so inspired Freud as a student. Nature for Goethe is, on the one hand, a source and a model for poetry, and no love-poetry has more spontaneous richness; at the same time Nature demands scientific study which will reveal her laws, for laws are here involved: a relatively static architecture of "alternative" forms; and an essentially progressive transformation-process from form to form (*Gestaltung, Ungestaltung*). Both these patterns are eminent in the thought of India, though here we have no space to register technical details. Similarly, Goethe expresses on the one hand a cult of Harmony (from which his *Syādvāda* technique creates a Harmony of diverse Harmonies) and, on the other hand, a realization of harmony reached through conflict (*Sturm und Drang*), and ultimately a harmony between Harmony and Conflict themselves, revealing, as it were, not only H and C but H^C and C^h. These patterns also find echoes in Indian thought, and also in the constant Chinese preoccupation both with harmony and with development. What is purely Goethean in these patterns can further serve to "reconcile" the diverse cultures of East and West, both as it were "statically" and in this dynamic dialectic of a "harmony between harmony and conflict."

This element of conflict should be stressed, since Goethe, despite criticism on this score, does not lack "the tragic sense." None the less it is true that he often prefers metamorphosis to catharsis. His ill-titled

[7] E.g., humanist defiance in "Prometheus," and resignation, blissful in "Ganymede" and more pensive in "Limits of Mankind" (*Grenzen der Menschheit*), or the contrast between "For all must collapse into naught" ("One and All") and "No being can collapse into naught" (*Vermächtnis*, "Testament").

"optimism" is reached now through tragic conflict, now through transformation, now through the statement of alternative attitudes that preserve the living treasures out of which the All adorns itself — a passage quoted by Schrödinger as highly relevant to his own world-view as a physicist. Goethe's own scientific researches centred on unifying concepts like that of the "primal plant" (*Urpflanze*: cf. "forwards and backwards the plant is only leaf"), which can be construed in Brahmanic terms. His poems "The Metamorphosis of Plants" and "The Metamorphosis of Animals," however, stress evolution rather than reincarnation. A closer approach to the latter theory is found in the famous "Song of the Spirits over the Waters":

> The soul of man
> Is like the water:
> From Heaven it comes,
> To Heaven it rises,
> And again to earth
> Must it sink,
> Ever changing. ...
> Soul of man,
> How thou art like water!
> Fate of man,
> How thou art like the wind![8]

Elsewhere he sings of

> Birth and death,
> An eternal Sea[9]

while

> From peak to peak
> soars the eternal mind,
> provoking eternal life.[10]

Yet "Above all heights is rest."[11]

The expression of such moods and processes will be widely diverse — from the "Three Reverences" (for "what is above us, beneath us, and around us") in the novel *Wilhelm Meister,* to the "near-blasphemous"

---

[8] *Des Menschen Seele*
Gleicht dem Wasser:
Vom Himmel kommt es
Zu Himmel steight es
Und Wieder weider
Zur Erde muss es,
Ewig wechselnd,
etc.

[9] *Geburt and Grab*
ein ewiges Meer (*Faust,* 1)

[10] *Von Gebirg zum Gebirg*
Schwebet der ewige Geist,
Ewigen Lebens ahndevoll
(*An Schwager Kronos,* 16–18)

[11] *Ueber allen Gipfeln*
Ist Ruh. ("Wanderer's Night-Song")

cry of *Prometheus* and in the spirit of the Cārvākas or of certain Chinese thinkers and poets. And the cosmic poet is equally the singer of sensuāl love and a multiple lover in his own life. As to religious forms, he declared himself pantheistic as a scientist, polytheistic as a poet, while "Should I need a God for my personality as a moral being, that too is provided for" (Letter to Jacobi, 1813).

Goethe, in fact, goes beyond even Hindu *kathenotheism* into what we may, if clumsily, term a *katheno-atetheistic* approach, which expresses in turn different truths or forms of truth. The possibilities of this method seem almost limitless. The individual form, whether of truth or of life, is both precious (here speaks the *lyric* poet) and insufficient; the name of the Ultimate is expressed in form after form, yet is essentially "beyond name and form" (*nāma-rūpa*): as in Faust's famous apostrophe on this subject, "Feeling is all" ("*Gefuhl ist alles*"). In Goethe there is something akin to the elusive, but pervasive, pattern of Hindu and Buddhist thought, by which every term, or contrast of terms, implies a still further stage "beyond" ("beyond consciousness and non-consciousness," for example): the Mādhyamika and Prajñāpāramita systems illustrate this intensely.

In more Western terms, a kindred pattern is found in *Faust*, the epic of our age (created a century earlier!) from which Spengler coined the phrase "Faustian epoch," where man's nature and specific cultural form themselves impel him to strive beyond them. The dangers of this attitude are as clear as its creativeness. Goethe, himself a union of artist, scientist, sage, and man of affairs, can alert us to the perils as well as the values of the technological age; with equal importance he can help to show the renascent cultures of Africa and the East that Europe has more to offer than even the most urgently needed science and technology. Europe's most original gift to mankind (to which China can offer a partial parallel) — the Greek creation, continued today, of a rich and inspired culture which contains religion but is not ruled by it — is Goethe's own: but he blends it with the possibilities of Asian spirituality. He is a precise example of the union between two humanisms: "religious" and "secular." How we continue to blend them will depend both on ourselves and on our specific societies.

We would like soon to see Goethe as an Asian and African classic.[12] But still more fruitful would prove his subtle and often unconscious influence. With him, the aspiring Faust is balanced (but not conquered) by the questioning Mephistopheles: Goethe himself, to coin a Joycean "fermented word," is a Mefausto. Both his nationalist scepticism and his

[12] With pleasure do we note the Goethe Institute of German Culture in the young University of Khartoum.

still more essential passion for eternal processes and the multiplicity of forms should suggest to us a "diagonal" method of thought, as he described it in chemico-psychological form in his novel *Elective Affinities* (*Die Wahlverwandtschaften*). In a four termed context A ... B ... C ... D, let us try out "unusual" relations and blendings. If normally we associate A with B and C with D, let us associate — if only as a possibility — A with C, A with D, B with C, and B with D. Each culture associates its terms differently, with unique emphases and combinations: hence the broadening and deepening of our minds if we explore these "diagonal" possibilities.

Goethe's message is that all striving and blending of forms, all transformations and alternatives, can and must shine at last together in equilibrium. But this equilibrium must not be static: it must vibrate, must be no mere *équilibre* but an *équi-vibre*.

TERENCE WHITE GERVAIS

Charles and Mary Lamb

With courage high you kept despair at bay
Although you often heard with secret dread
The wings of madness fluttering overhead
And ghastly phantoms haunted night and day.

Companions in a wilderness of grief,
You won a fame remembered by the years,
At friendship's glowing fires you found relief,
In laughter and in books forgot your tears.

HERBERT BLUEN

R. N. KAK

"Consciousness" in Buddhism

[Shri R. N. Kak is a student both of science and of religious thought. He has written often for us on topics in Buddhist philosophy. In this brief article he outlines the Buddhist analysis of "consciousness," the fifth *skandha, vijñāna.* He reflects upon this fundamental concept especially in its relation to the important question of consciousness and self-hood.—ED.]

PERSONALITY as it seems consists, according to the Buddhists, of five constitutents known as the *skandhas* ("groups" or "heaps"). If we analyse we find that all our experiences of ourselves and of other objects in relation to us can be explained in terms of these five *skandhas.* The main purpose of this analysis is to do without bringing in the conception of "I" and "mine." The *skandhas* "define the limits of the basis of grasping after a self, and what belongs to a self" (*Visuddhimagga,* XIV.216, 218). Whatever we consider to be our self, or we might grasp at as our self, or anything belonging to the self or concerning it, is included in the *skandhas.* Meditation on the *skandhas* saves those who grasp after a "self." What appears to us a unified being or thing is broken up into five heaps or clusters. Thus personality or self becomes a mere conglomeration of five diverse constituents plus a label. As "constellation" is a name given to a group of stars, all separate, so our "personality" is a conventional grouping together of the five groups called the *skandhas.*

The first four *skandhas* are not difficult to understand and there is no doubt about what is intended by each. (1) *Rūpa,* form, is the physical or material side of things. After we subtract their moral and mental qualities from persons and things, whatever remains of them is their *rūpa.* (2) *Vedanā,* feelings, are pleasant, unpleasant, or neutral. What one wants to continue is pleasant and what one wants to cease is unpleasant. (3) *Saṃjñā,* perceptions, are six, corresponding to the six sense-organs. (4) *Saṃskārā,* impulses or "coefficients" are all active dispositions. They are tendencies, volitions, emotions, strivings, etc., and are always linked with consciousness. They may be "conscious" or repressed. Some degree of awareness is always there even in unconscious mental processes. (5) *Vijñāna,* consciousness, is the most important of the *skandhas.* It is to a certain extent elusive. The other four *skandhas* are supposed to depend on it. "Name and form" (the psycho-physical organism) is conditioned by, and in the formula of "conditioned co-production" (*praticca-samutpāda*) is preceded by, consciousness. According to the Abhidharma analysis the other three mental *skandhas* are determined by consciousness.

The inwardness of man is denoted by the term "consciousness," which

is the fifth *skandha*. First, we will make an attempt to see how consciousness taken as a *dharma* is related to the "self"; secondly, consider the three basic meanings of the word "consciousness"; and last, take into account the role played by consciousness in the process of salvation.

Consciousness is the only *skandhaic* component which suggests the appearance of individuality. It is closely akin to the "soul" or the "self." Buddhists try to speak in an impersonal manner by using the word "consciousness." However, the fact remains that all my mental experiences happen to "me," are understood by "me," are known to "me." All references to consciousness presuppose an "I" in the background. Buddhists, of course, do not care to mention this "I." We find that one of the functions of the self is accounted for by consciousness. The Abhidharmists want us to believe that there are no "subjects" but only acts of objectifying, of awareness, of knowing. But the act of knowing always has an idea of a knower in the background. The Buddhists take a great deal of care to desubstantialize consciousness, as far as possible. It is not thought to be a thing but is supposed to represent a successive series of acts. "Mind by day and night, is ever arising as one thing, ceasing as another" (*Samyutta Nikāya,* II.94-96). Consciousness is held to be a result of a conditioned course of impersonal events and not a personal possession or possessor.

Consciousness in different contexts can mean (*a*) pure awareness, or (*b*) a thought, or (*c*) mind. To define consciousness as "pure awareness" is easy but to experience it in its purity is almost impossible. When we attend to an act of awareness some attention is always paid to its object. It is not possible to withdraw entirely from everything except the pure act of being aware. Consciousness is the ultimate *subject* in all mental activity and it is difficult to make it an object of investigation without making it lose its specific character. Whenever the mind becomes conscious of itself it splits into subject and object: the subject that is perceived is no longer the same as the perceiving subject. To try to get hold of consciousness by introspection is like trying to catch one's own shadow.

From an abstract point of view consciousness is simply mental activity. The subject in action is viewed by the subject itself. The other three *skandhas* are determined by specific activity or objects, while consciousness is not so determined. Consciousness considered as mental activity is identified with "thought" (*citta*). The other three mental *skandhas* are called "mentals" (*caitasikā*). The mentals are associated with thought, are consecutive to it, have sprung from it, and have come into being with it. The object dominates in perception; in consciousness, the subject. In perception one is aware *of* something. Consciousness is *awareness itself* apart from anything else.

Concretely, and not in abstraction, an act of consciousness is a thought (*citta*). The term is used for thinking as related to an object and not for thinking in itself (*Atthasālinī,* 63). The two immediate antecedents of an act of awareness are always the organ and the object. These antecedents determine the character of consciousness to such an extent that "consciousness" is supposed to fall into six kinds. Eye-consciousness, ear-consciousness, and so on, to mind-consciousness.

Many times consciousness is supposed to mean "mind" (*manas*). Here we may speak of "intellection" and the *dharmas* that correspond to it may be referred to as "objects of ideation." In intellection, the sixth sense-organ, the mind, is more self-active than in the other five, the physical sense-organs. By constructing data the mind gives most of itself and takes least from outside by way of reception of data. "Mind" performs four functions. (1) It is sensitive to mind-objects like feelings, perceptions, and impulses and acts as a special receptor-organ. (2) The data supplied by other senses is organized by the mind. The data is unified and is turned into perceptions of things and persons. (3) The functions of memory, judgement, planning, imagining, and reasoning are performed by it as "representative intellection." (4) Mind, with regard to all objects, distinguishes between what belongs to the self and what is outside of the self. It is chiefly responsible for acts of "I"-making (*ahaṁkāra*).

In terms of *Karma,* the "mind" is the most decisive of our sense-organs. It is due to the thought behind it that an act becomes wholesome or unwholesome. In a verse in the *Dhammapada* all *dharmas* are said to be created, governed, and dominated by the mind:

> If a man speaks or acts with a corrupted mind, then suffering follows him, as the wheel of the wagon follows the hoofs of the bullock. But if he speaks and acts with a pure mind, then ease follows him, just as his shadow that is always with him.

It is an axiom of all mystical philosophy that truth dwells in the most inward core of man.

> There appear to be two main distinguishable types of mystical experience, both of which may be found in all the higher cultures. One may be called extrovertive mystical experience, the other introvertive mystical experience. Both are apprehensions of the One, but they reach it in different ways. The extrovertive way looks outward, and through the physical senses into the external world and finds the One there. The introvertive way turns inward, and finds the One at the bottom of the self, at the bottom of the human personality. The latter far outweighs the former in importance both in the history of mysticism and in the history of human thought generally. (W. T. STACE: *The Teachings of the Mystics,* p. 15)

Consciousness is that part of ourselves where we are most of all ourselves. Pure consciousness, when reached by realizing the inmost core of one's self, is the same as the One by itself in permanent peace. There has been a tendency among the Buddhists to draw this conclusion. One of the methods of winning *Nirvāṇa* is by the isolation of consciousness — though, paradoxically, we find that pure consciousness or pure thought, once it has come to itself, proves to be essentially "no-thought."

R. N. KAK

Interpreters

Mothers of different nations
were thrown together on a holiday
in a quiet park of a Himalayan town.
With snow-clad crags
towering above their heads,
and their children at play
beside the beds
of the larkspar, the pink,
the pansy and the phlox
(which seemed in a strange way
to resemble the merry band),
they were busy trying to communicate
with nod, soft look and smile
what tongue could not convey.

Fumbling for words,
they called to their aid
the children, who spoke among themselves
a language of the land.
Now the mothers' thoughts
found words in their mother-tongues
on the lips of the tiny tots.
And there came a change:
as the nods turned to dialogues
the smiles grew brighter,
and the looks were less strange.

What, I asked myself,
if there were men,
guileless like these little ones,
who could with tongue or pen
or by other means interpret
one people to another, and
meet the wish,
deep in the heart of the race,
to come close, to know and understand?

A. C. BOSE

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

The Philosophy of Rabindranath Tagore

[We print below the second and concluding part of this appreciative examination of the philosophy of Rabindranath Tagore by our old and esteemed friend Dr. S. N. L. Shrivastava, Head of the Department of Philosophy, Vikram University, Ujjain.—ED.]

II

MAN is made in the image of God. In his deeper nature he participates in the nature of his Maker in being like him a creator out of the sheer joy of creating. Man's creative delight finds expression in his ever insatiable quest of truth, his creations of beauty, and his acts of goodness, i.e., acts of service and self-sacrifice born of love.

Man has a dual nature. He is finite-infinite, individual-universal, physical-spiritual. He has a body which is subject to the laws of physical nature. He has to obey these laws and struggle for the upkeep of his body. But man is not satisfied with simply meeting his physical needs. There are deeper urges within him, extra demands, which have nothing to do with his physical or biological nature. It is these extras which distinguish man from the animals and constitute his real glory. In the attainment of truth, in the creation of beauty, and in selfless loving service to other creatures, man rises above his bare physical needs, above his narrow individuality, his limited ego, the spell of separateness, and tastes the joy of union with the Infinite. In all these there is a transcendence of the self and the mingling of the self with all selves and the SELF of all. The attainment of truth delights man, because truth is universal; truth is truth as much for one man as for all men. There would have been no science if man had dogmatically clung to his own personal idiosyncrasies and eccentricities. Beauty also delights because beauty is universal; what is beautiful for one is beautiful for all. Beauty, says Rabindranath, is a call to us from God:

> Beauty is his [God's] wooing of our heart; it can have no other purpose. It tells us everywhere that the display of power is not the ultimate meaning of creation; wherever there is a bit of colour, a note of song, a grace of form, there comes the call for our love.[6]

In love there is delight because it is the realization of the self's unity with other selves. If anywhere there is a final explanation of all apparent

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[6] *Sādhanā*, p. 115

dualities and a resolution of contradictions which seem so stubbornly opposed to one another, it is in love. Love is the category which unravels the deepest mysteries of life. The idea is beautifully driven home to our minds by Tagore in his own inimitable way:

> In love all contradictions of existence merge themselves and are lost. Only in love are unity and duality not at variance. Love must be one and two at the same time.
>
> Only love is motion and rest in one. Our heart ever changes its place till it finds love, and then it has its rest. But this rest itself is an intense form of activity where utter quiescence and unceasing energy meet at the same point in love.
>
> In love loss and gain are harmonized. In its balance-sheet, credit and debit accounts are in the same column, and gifts are added to gains. In this wonderful festival of creation, this great ceremony of self-sacrifice of God, the lover constantly gives himself up to gain himself in love. Indeed, love is what brings together and inseparably connects both the act of abandoning and that of receiving ... love is most free and at the same time most bound. If God were absolutely free there would be no creation. The infinite has assumed unto himself the mystery of finitude. And in him who is love the finite and the infinite are made one. ... It is the high function of love to welcome all limitations and to transcend them. ... In love thraldom is as glorious as freedom.[7]

Creation, as Rabindranath understands it, is God's self-chosen bondage imposed upon himself, His expression of Himself in *action* out of infinite joy and illimitable love.[8] Man who is made in the image of God, who participates in and is one with the Divine Essence, cannot have an ideal of life different from that of his Master and Maker. Following His example of love and self-sacrifice, he must make his own life an uninterrupted act of loving and selfless service of his fellow beings. Rabindranath could never give his assent to that life-negating and action-renouncing idea of "deliverance" which has fascination for most "spiritual-minded" persons. A well-known song in his *Gitanjali* registers a lashing protest against this ideal of deliverance:

> Deliverance is not for me in renunciation. I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight. Thou ever pourest for me the fresh draught

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[7] *Ibid.*, pp. 114–15

[8] Soren Kierkegaard, the Danish thinker, said that the only thing which could move God, who had no *need* of anything, could be love:

"What then could move him [God] to make his appearance? He must indeed move himself. ... But if he moves it follows that he is not moved by some need, as if he could not endure the strain of silence, but had to break out in speech. But if he moves himself, and is not moved by need, what else can move him but love?" (*Philosophical Fragments*)

of thy wine of various colours and fragrance, filling this earthen vessel to the brim.[9]

Similarly, in another song of his *Gitanjali* he has inveighed against that pseudo-spiritual ideal of life, that impious piety, that imposture of religiosity, which takes certain formal modes of worship to be the whole of service to God and a justification for exemption from service to the poor and the needy:

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut?
Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!
He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path-maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and shower, and his garment is covered with dust.
Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!
Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found?
Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all for ever.[10]

Again, "Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, the lowliest, and lost."[11]

The soul of man mingling in the illimitable expanse of selfless service and love realizes true infinity, the infinity revealed to man in the boundlessness of his love, goodness, and joy — not the mathematical infinity of "an indefinite enlargement of the limits of things; in fact, a perpetual postponement of infinitude."[12] The infinite which is a positive fact of man's spiritual comprehension is "an inner perfection that permeates and exceeds its contents, like the beauty of a lotus which is ineffably more than all the constituents of the flower."[13]

The consummation of this expansive realization is a soul-felt contact with the Supreme *Puruṣa* who has been described as *Viṣvakarmā Mahātmā*, the World-Maker, the Great Soul. In order to attain oneness with this *Mahātmā*, the Great Soul, "one must cultivate the greatness of soul which identifies itself with the soul of all peoples and not merely with that of one's own." This is the practice of *Brahmavihāra* taught by the Buddha and the Upaniṣadic exhortation to "enjoy Him through sacrifice" — the sacrifice that comes of love — and covet not — *mā gṛdhaḥ*; for "greed diverts your mind to that illusion in you which is your separate self and diverts it from truth in which you represent the *Parama Puruṣa*, the Supreme Person."[14]

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[9] *Gītāñjali*, 73 [10] *Ibid.*, 11 [11] *Ibid.*, 10
[12] *The Religion of Man*, p. 65 [13] *Ibid.*, p. 66 [14] *Ibid.*, p. 72

The Divine is in man; the Supreme is hidden in the depths of his being and is not a far-off Being witnessing with a lofty unconcern the universal drama in which He has called on man to be the principal actor. He has put man at the crest of the wave of cosmic evolution and given him the knowledge to understand its connected meaning and thus revealed Himself and His plan to him. Religion according to Rabindranath consists, in the last analysis, in man's endeavour to express the Eternal Man, the Supreme Divine, in all his knowledge; in all his science; in all his art; in selfless and disinterested service of the poor and the needy; in love embracing all humanity, breaking the barriers of caste, creed, colour, race, and country; in appreciation of all cultures and not exclusively one's own: in short, in the ever-increasing assimilation of all those "qualities which are inherent in the nature of Man the Eternal." This rich, concrete, dynamic universalism, which rises above all parochialism and sheds all negativism, is the legacy of Rabindranath to humanity for all times to come. He dreamt the same dream which Tennyson had dreamt when he said:

> I dreamed that stone by stone I reared a sacred fane, a temple, neither pagoda, mosque, nor church, but loftier, simpler, always open-doored to every breath from heaven, and Truth and Peace and Love and Justice came and dwelt therein.

Tagore not only dreamed his dream but gave it a concrete shape in the establishment of the Vishva-Bharati University — a rendezvous of all great and noble thoughts from all quarters of the globe and of all the varied cultures of humanity, provided with a fitting motto from the Vedas: *yatra viśvam bhavatyekanīḍam* — "Where the entire universe [nestles in] a single nest."

An outline of Tagore's philosophy would remain incomplete without some account of his solution of the problem of evil. The fact of the existence of evil in the world is often thought to be a challenge to any idealistic or theistic system of philosophy. The question is often asked: Why should there be evil in a world created by a good God? Why could not God the Almighty and All-Merciful avoid creating evil in the world?

The question "Why is there evil in this world" is for Tagore as futile as the question "Why is there creation at all?" In the scheme of things as they are, there could not but be evil in the world and evil has its own purpose to serve. There would be no onward flow of the river if there were no embankment to hold its waters; so also there would be no moral progress if there were no evil to be overcome. All the pessimism in our thinking arises from taking evil as final and eternally fixed and not as a phenomenon to be transcended and overcome in the onward march of life to-

wards greater perfection. The fact significant for us is not the presence of evil and suffering in the world but the presence of goodness, love, and delight; just as the fact of greater significance is not the closing of the eyelids every second, but their opening. It is man's capacity to overcome evil and actualize his potential perfection which is of far greater significance than the presence of evil in the world.

> The potentiality of perfection outweighs actual contradictions.[15] ... Our will, our character, has to attain perfection by continually overcoming evils, either inside or outside us, or both; our physical life is consuming bodily materials every moment to maintain the life fire; and our mental life too has its fuel to burn.[16]

The problem of evil has to be approached in a wider perspective of the over-all scheme of things, and then we realize that what is apparently an evil is in the broader view an inevitability and instrumental to a higher good. The laws of nature are inexorably operative and in their operation produce results beneficial to man; they bring about sunshine and rain and the alternation of seasons, and so on; but in their very operation they cause somewhere earthquakes and volcanoes, floods and cyclones. How could it be helped? On the moral plane, evil is a challenge to man to be fought and conquered. Man, having the power to do so, should exercise that power and achieve the conquest, and not be pessimistic about it. Such, in brief, is Tagore's solution of the problem of evil.

It would be in the fitness of things to end this article with an assessment of Tagore's place in contemporary Indian philosophical thought. Has Tagore given any new turn to Indian philosophical thought? I would answer the question with a decisive affirmative. Although Tagore's thought is rooted in the Upaniṣads and the mystical literature of India, he has given a new direction to Indian philosophical thinking and outlook on life in his accentuation of the concept of *Brahman* as Infinite Joy and Love and in his explanation of the world-process as the outpouring of that Joy and Love. The world, though a world of fleeting forms, an ever-moving process, a *jagat* as the Sanskrit name for it implies, is not for that reason, according to Tagore's philosophy, a mere vanity show or a meaningless phantasmagoria, but, for that very reason, a revelation of the Eternal, a carrier of the meaning of the Infinite. How the evanescent forms express the Eternal is thus beautifully explained by Tagore:

> The expression as expression must be definite, which it can only be in its form; but at the same time, as the expression of the infinite, it must be indefinite, which it can only be in its movement. Therefore when the

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[15] *Sādhanā*, p. 52 [16] *Ibid.*, p. 53

world takes its shape it always transcends its shape; it carelessly runs out of itself to say that its meaning is more than what it can contain.

The moralist sadly shakes his head and says that this world is vanity. But that vanity is not vacuity — truth is in that vainness itself.[17]

In Indian philosophy, dominated by the idea of *dukkha* for a great length of time, Tagore emphasized the idea of *ānanda* with a force and eloquence all his own. To self-styled pietists closeted in their forms of worship and lost in the quagmire of rituals and ceremonials, he gave the call of service to the poor and the needy, the worship of the Lord in "the lowliest and the lost." He summoned all peoples and races on earth to come out of the trenches of their exclusive cultures and share in the commonwealth of cultures which belongs to each and to all.

S. N. L. SHRIVASTAVA

Continuity

(Based on a verse in the Upanishad, "The Supreme Teaching")

From leaf to leaf, from life to life —
so reads the universal law.
Nature makes plain, reason affirms,
faith in a thousand ways confirms
what ancient seers saw:
the caterpillar, instinct-drawn,
moves from one grass unto another;
o'erpassing softly blade on blade,
thus making change the smoother:
so, too, the soul, to higher call,
fresh wisdom ever needing,
leaves at death's door its form of flesh,
to other forms proceeding.

WILLIAM EWART WALKER

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[17] *Personality* (Macmillan, Indian ed. 1959), p. 61.

F. H. ANGOLD

Schubert: The Natural Composer

[The Rev. F. H. Angold, PH.D., F.R.A.I., after his training for the Church, studied anthropology and for many years taught in schools, universities, and Adult Education programmes. He has written poems, plays, and articles for a large number of journals. Readers may remember his article on "The Ethical Quality in Music" in THE ARYAN PATH for April 1966. In this article also we see the love of music regarded as a spiritual and moral experience.—ED.]

FRANZ SCHUBERT (31 January 1797 – 19 November 1828) was born and died in Vienna. He has been described as a romantic rebel, and under this designation classified with Beethoven, Weber, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Rossini, Liszt, and Wagner.

To the great majority of music lovers, Schubert, the Man, has come to life mainly through the stage presentations of Sigmund Romberg's *Blossom Time*. Schubert as thus depicted is even more ingenuous and awkward than he was in real life. In fact, the man behind the music is little more than a caricature; a kind of musical Punch. Romberg's portrayal, while serving to popularize the music of the composer, effects the effacement of the Man. The urbane Baron Franz Schober steals the thunder in his wooing, assisted by Schubert, of the girl Mitzi, who is in fact adored by the composer.

The character thus presented, while never entirely courting ridicule, represents the symbol of sacrifice. It is a curious fact that an operetta should serve successfully as the medium for the presentation of a religious idea. After hearing this musical play many times, my reaction is consistently the same. One feels that to know the man is unnecessary; in fact it becomes almost impossible to know him. This is an experience entirely different from that relating to other composers. Having been reared in an atmosphere where music was regarded not merely as a colouring to life, but life itself, other composers, as for example Beethoven, Brahms, and Wagner, have always been intensely real. In the case of Schubert, to know the music is to read the mind of the Man.

Every composer lives in a world which to some extent is of his own making. Schubert, by his creative genius, has enabled us more fully to appreciate the world he shares with us. Sigmund Romberg's play is aptly called *Blossom Time*. The music of Schubert ripples like the mountain stream, and brings with it all the fragrance of the blossom-laden mountain side. No composer could so enrich the minds and the lives of men (as the great creators have, in their respective ways) unless he was privi-

leged to discern more clearly "all heaven around us."[1]

Milton's lines come to mind:

> Just are the ways of God,
> And justifiable to men;
> Unless there be who think not God at all.[2]

Such thoughts centre not on the narrow sectarian ideas relating to the god of any one religion, but to that Supreme Power which, having brought the universe into being, orders its majestic harmony and beautifies its appearance. Music is the tonal expression of the rhythmical progression of creation; it is therefore spiritual in content. William Collins (1720–56), the poet whose life was but five years longer than that of Schubert, wrote:

> When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
> While yet in early Greece she sung.[3]

Schubert portrayed all the aesthetical virtues of the Greeks, and reflected in his devotion to simplicity, and the wonders of Nature, something of the character of the lowly Galilean who had not where to lay his head.[4]

Moore poses the question:

> When true hearts lie wither'd
> And fond ones are flown,
> Oh! who would inhabit
> This bleak world alone?[5]

Schubert supplies the answer. This rather insignificant physical entity, who peers out on to a world largely obscured to his natural sight, but who by reason of an inner florescence is able to musically interpret the beauty of creation. The dullness of matter is transcended, and the ordinary becomes the theme of Nature's song. It is not without significance that Romberg turns to the *Unfinished* in B minor, and to the second theme of the first movement introduced by the 'cellos, for his "Son of Love."

The *Unfinished* remained as we know it today, because, having composed the first two movements, Schubert realized the standard of these to be such as to be difficult to maintain and impossible to surpass. The uniqueness of the *Unfinished* is to be seen not in its incompleteness but its beginning. "Pompey ... bade Sylla recollect that more worshipped the rising than the setting sun."[6]

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[1] THOMAS MOORE (1779–1852) : "I'd Mourn the Hopes"

[2] JOHN MILTON (1608–74): *Samson Agonistes*, line 293

[3] "The Passions," line 1

[4] MATTHEW, VIII.20 ; LUKE, IX.58

[5] "Last Rose of Summer"

[6] CLOUGH, DRYDEN'S Plutarch, IV. 66, "Life of Pompey"

Schubert never heard the *Unfinished* performed. Its first public presentation was at a Gesellschaft concert in Vienna on 17 December 1865, thirty-seven years after the composer's death. The man who so enriched the world with song died in abject poverty; he who through his life lived in such close proximity to the beauties of Nature took his leave of the world unhonoured and unsung.

To those who estimate success merely in terms of material acquirement, Schubert was a failure. Schubert might conceivably have been more comfortable in the welfare state, but the world would have been denied his greatest compositions.

Schubert, although a neglected man and possibly a disappointed one, was never a sad man. To be deprived of material possessions does not necessarily make for sadness. Poverty of acquisition does not imply poverty of imagination. It may well be that Schubert wrote many of the melodies we have come to know and love, not in spite of his pecuniary circumstances, but by reason of them.

All the great teachers have stressed the necessity to lift the eyes from earth if we would catch a glimpse of heaven. Buddha and Jesus employed almost identical terms in order to emphasize the necessity of letting go, if we would ever come to comprehend the ultimate reality.[7]

Creation, irrespective of the form it may take, is a progressive revelation. There is as much to be learned from observation of a tree as is to be imbibed from the most profound tome ever written. The ways of the ant are as wonderful as the most intricate scientific exposition. In the final analysis, whatever is expounded is that ready to the revealed.[8] Nothing can be discovered that does not already exist. No-one can explain anything which is not definable in terms of human understanding. The atom has been proved to consist of even smaller particles, but it is the combination of the parts which manifests the reality of the whole.

Schubert caught the melodies of Nature and transposed them in such a manner that they sent people singing on their way. The melody of song transfixed the inhumanity of man. Schubert took the sounds of everyday existence and composed them into melodies. What might have remained a noise, became in the hands of Schubert a tuneful lay. Schubert was a master of form. The *Unfinished* breathes not finality but the unending sense of exploration that inspires the mind open to the moving of the spirit. The two movements suggest not constriction of pattern but the infinite potential of possible expansion.

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[7] See PLATO's *Phaedrus*, trs. B. JOWETT (Kimber edition, 1963), pp. 43, 47

[8] For a vivid description of the ant at work see *Amongst Thistles and Thorns* (Austin C. Clarke, 1965), p. 114.

These movements serve to illustrate some of the terms which have come into current use. There is commitment in the sense that the soul of music anchors one inextricably to the eternal Mind. Mission is no less apparent in the responsibility engendered by reason of the fact that music is the common heritage of mankind. Nature is the mother of us all, and the sounds which through the universe reverberate but serve to testify to the universal frame of which we are component parts.

> From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
> This universal frame began.[9]

Nature is not concolorous, and music evokes many tints with which to colour the beauties of Nature's strains. Schubert has bequeathed this multi-toned conception, because: "He best can paint them who shall feel them most."[10]

Schubert, when he had completed the music for "The Erlking," Goethe's poem, confessed: "I know that the words are great, and I have written the music as I FEEL it." One of the criticisms levelled at "The Erlking" by one of his friends was:

> My dear Franz, you have one spot where the child is singing a G-flat against F and E-flat in the accompaniment. That is against all the rules — a horrible discord.

When the aged Professor Ruzicka was asked to give his opinion, he replied:

> It has never been done before. The rules are all against it. But if Franz does it, it must be right. His ideas come direct from Heaven. From now on this must be considered correct and effective harmony.

The association of Schubert with heaven is frequent. The symphony in C major, generally numbered seven, but also known as his tenth, was regarded by Schumann (1810–56) as being "of Heavenly length." The home of Schubert was situated in the Himmelpfortgrund — the Place of the Heavenly Gate. To what extent the situation, and more particularly the name of the region of his abode, contributed to the other-worldly character of his compositions, we do not know. One thing is certain, the ideas flowed without let or hindrance. By the time he was eighteen he had composed a number of excellent pieces, among them a really great song, "*Gretchen am Spinnrade*" (Marguerite at the Spinning Wheel). By then he had left the Imperial Convent in Vienna, where choirboys were trained for the Royal Chapel. Schubert had been a member of the student

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[9] JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1701) : "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day," line 1

[10] ALEXANDER POPE (1688–1744): "Eloisa to Abelard," last line

orchestra, and here he met Joseph Spaun, who was to become his admirer and friend. By the time he was eighteen he shared with his father the arduous task of teaching, but every spare moment is devoted to the creation of music. "Since heaven's eternal year is thine."[11]

Usually it is believed that travel is essential to the power of vision and an incentive to creation. The experience of Schubert proves the contrary. Not only did he enter into life and pass from its restraint in Vienna, but he seldom existed at any distance from this same spot. The supply of melodic inspiration appears to have been inexhaustible, and in everything he wrote there is the same spontaneity, the same undiminishing freshness, and withal the same concordance with Nature. If at times his compositions savour of the naïve, there is never any excess of technical detail.

The ideas flowed, and oftentimes the only difficulty was to obtain the manuscript paper on which to record them. When he first made the acquaintance of Spaun, his most pressing need was paper on which to write; a need which Spaun undertook to supply. Glancing through Shakespeare's *Cymbeline,* his eye catches the lines: "Hark, Hark, the Lark" — alas! again no paper on which to record the music that flows into his head. Some friends, drawing lines across the beer-garden menu, provide the necessary material, and "the lovely melody" is enshrined for all time. Taking the volume home with him, he discovers "Who is Sylvia?" and another masterpiece is born.

The great C-major Symphony, his last, which, like the *Unfinished,* was never heard by the composer, was written for Vienna's Society of the Friends of Music, and performed at their concert on 14 December 1828. It was then forgotten, until Schumann, on a visit to Vienna in 1838, found it in the possession of Schubert's brother, Ferdinand. It is in this final symphony, more than anywhere else, that the influence of Beethoven is seen.

There is a close association with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Anselm Hüttenbrenner, who acquired the manuscript of the *Unfinished* after the death of the composer, had introduced Schubert to Beethoven, during the latter's last illness. Tradition asserts that Beethoven said to them, "You, Anselm, have my mind, but Franz has my soul." When Beethoven was dying, Schubert was one of the few people he asked to see. When, a year later, Schubert approached his end, he said, in his delirium, "Beethoven is not here."

Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Cherubini all had a very high conception of Catholic Church music. The musical setting of the Mass was conceived not as an accompaniment to the liturgical office but as a vital

[11] DRYDEN: "Elegy on Mrs. Killegrew," line 15

part of the sacrifice offered upon the altar. Schubert, living as he did so close to Nature, was in tune with the Infinite. Life became a Serenade, sanctified by union with the Supreme. *Ave Maria* is not in any sense narrowly ecclesiastical, but part of Ellen's prayer for protection when spending the night in a lonely cave. This theme, taken from Scott's *Lady of the Lake,* enshrines not only the Virgin Mary but also the Great Earth Mother. Schubert wrote about the songs compiled from *Lady of the Lake*:

> People were greatly astonished at the devotion which I have thrown into the Hymn to the Blessed Virgin, and it seems to have seized and impressed everybody. I think that the reason of this is that I never force myself into devotion, or compose hymns or prayers unless I am really overpowered by the feeling; that alone is real, true devotion.

Schubert the natural composer is perhaps best illustrated in Ferdinand Hiller's account of the musical partnership of Schubert and Vogl:

> Schubert had little technique, and Vogl but little voice; but they had both so much life and feeling, and went so thoroughly into the thing, that it would be impossible to render these wonderful compositions more clearly and more splendidly. Voice and piano became as nothing; the music seemed to want no material help, but the melodies appealed to the ear as vision does to the eye.

"All things are artificial; for Nature is the art of God."[12]

F. H. ANGOLD

WHEN the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

—JOB, XXXVIII. 7

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[12] SIR THOMAS BROWNE: *Religio Medici*, Sect. XVI

BRIAN G. COOPER

On East-West Understanding

[Mr. Brian G. Cooper is a Lecturer in Liberal Studies at Lanchester College of Technology, Coventry, and organized the India Week, 9-13 January 1967, there. The Week included lectures on various subjects and the eight-hour teach-in referred to by Mr. Cooper, as well as documentary films, and Indian music and dancing arranged from India House, Consular Department. A long notice of the Week appeared in *India News* (India House, London w.c. 2), of 21 January 1967, its Republic Day number.

We agree profoundly with Mr. Cooper that the key to understanding between different cultures is willingness to expose oneself to other cultures, even more than accurate study of those cultures, though that is necessary too.—ED.]

BOTH the increasing awareness of the deep significance for Britain of "the end of Empire" — a process which began with Indian Independence in 1947 — and the coming to Britain in recent years of numbers of Commonwealth immigrant citizens from the Indian subcontinent, and also the contemporary student generation's recognition of the validity of cultures other than their own, have all combined of late to give a growing sense of urgency to the question of Anglo-Indian understanding, itself an important element in that broader issue of mutual Occidental-Oriental appreciation. The UNESCO East-West Major Project, which formally ended in December 1966, highlighted the problems and made an important contribution towards solving them, but of course it was no more than a beginning. As I have personally come to realize lately, through my own involvement in running an "India Week" and organizing an East-West study group, with students and lecturers not only from Britain but also from India, the United States, and Africa, the issue of the promotion of East-West understanding is vast, deep, and infinitely more complicated than many Western observers appreciate. It is also enormously rewarding. I offer my reflections on this theme in the humble hope that they may be of some value to others, whether Western or Eastern, British or Indian, who like myself believe in the importance for our times of inter-cultural understanding. In our world menaced by racial strife, competitive nationalisms, and the threat of nuclear destruction, the importance of such understanding cannot be exaggerated.

My reflections on this theme have been sharpened by experiencing, and helping to organize, a concentrated period of East-West studies. After watching breathtakingly beautiful displays of Indian classical dancing

listening to recitals on the *sitar* and drums, viewing films on many aspects of Indian culture and current development, listening to many lectures on India's spiritual and philosophical heritage, economic problems, art and architecture, and tensions of modernization, reminding myself of some of the deepest truths of Tagore, Gandhi, and Bhave, and meeting several prominent Indians, including the Acting High Commissioner in London, a professor of philosophy and a Sikh leader, I find myself exhilarated, my mind struggling with the profundities and complexities of East-West understanding. Set within the context of studying also Western Marxism and Existentialism, Eastern Zen and Buddhism, and many other facets of the East-West interreaction, I find myself forced to conclusions about this vital theme.

The receptivity of the contemporary Western student generation to non-Western concepts enormously impresses me. Over eight hundred students were involved, at various levels, in this major Anglo-Indian, East-West project, and the desire to seek the truth of another culture was most striking. The decreasing attraction of the traditional Christian Churches in Britain for the young may be part of the reason: or rather, Christianity and other faiths alike are now examined by the Western student mind as religio-cultural phenomena of equal validity to be probed and discussed, but not to be accepted on authority. This tolerant pragmatism of youth is a useful beginning for two-way appreciation, for young people in Britain today are taking the non-Christian faiths and cultures seriously in an unprecedented fashion. Their willingness to suspend any inherited dogmatism, their ready abandonment of arrogant notions of the intrinsic superiority of Western religion and culture — unfortunately all too prevalent until so very recently — all give great cause for hope. Such tolerance and humility are essential for mutual understanding and meaningful trans-cultural dialogue.

The willingness to suspend, even to abandon altogether, inherited notions about one's own culture is surely basic to the promotion of East-West understanding. It implies facing up to one's own history in a new light, and asking new questions about one's own culture. An Englishman cannot help but be influenced by traditional interpretations of imperial history: that he recognizes he is so influenced is the beginning of his wider understanding. To the Westerner cultural honesty means, for example, accepting the limitations, in practice, of the role of the Christian Churches, and honestly examining the truths the Oriental faiths offer. The Easterner likewise must ask pertinent questions about his own faith, and about the central truths of Christianity.

It is necessary to try and distinguish real cultural differences from ap-

parent cultural differences. This task of cultural analysis is a very difficult, but very necessary, component of the whole process of East-West mutual understanding. To distinguish the essential differences of Christianity and Hinduism, for example, from their more superficial differences (for example, in religious architecture) is by no means easy. One must differentiate between differences of ideas and the differences in formulation of what are fundamentally the same, or similar, ideas or experiences. Is the Hindu notion of Reincarnation, for example, utterly incompatible with the Christian teaching about Eternal Life? May there not lie within these apparently opposed religious statements common truths, basic to man's universal spiritual Oneness with the universe, which are as yet differently expressed? I believe that the sharing of truth across the inherited frontiers of culture and religious system must begin with this assertion of the universality of man's experience of the universe, coupled with the diversity of his expression, as a result of varying historical factors. Between India and Britain, between East and West generally, the mental gulf is in many ways enormous: it need not be so.

I am also forced to conclude that while much study is obviously desirable to understand another culture, especially one in many ways unfamiliar, study alone is not the answer, but rather that a willingness to expose oneself to aspects of that culture is the key. Understanding is as much caught intuitively as taught formally. To sit in silence in a Sikh temple, to gaze in stillness before an Indian sculpture, to open oneself to the sights and sounds of another cultural Way, is as important and in many ways more so than study in the narrower sense. To live wholly within one culture is to be impoverished, but humility is required to admit one's poverty. The poor shall inherit the kingdom of truth that belongs to the world.

In East and West alike, men must face those aspects of their own cultures which others elsewhere find stumbling-blocks to understanding. The Westerner must answer the charge of being "materialistic": he must acknowledge the defects, yet also assert what he may well believe to be the merits of Western materialism. The Westerner must ask the Easterner whether or not he regards it as of decisive significance that the Scientific and Industrial Revolutions, with all their consequences for man's changing understanding and relationship with Nature, occurred first in the West. The Easterner must ask the Westerner whether or not he regards it as of decisive significance that the majority of the world's great religious systems originated in the East. The supposed "materialism" of the West, and the so-called "fatalism" of the East, so often decried in the West, both need critical examination in depth: the discussion of the coming of

modern science is a useful touchstone for this examination. Again, I would simply pose the questions. Why did Western Science, rather than Indian, Arabic, or Chinese Science, lead on to technological revolution? Was it a natural growth within the philosophico-spiritual heritage of the West or an unnatural reaction against it? Was "Western materialism" a deep-rooted historical factor which helped produce the Scientific and Industrial Revolutions, or were these the consequence of accidental historical factors, a materialism itself a consequence of these Revolutions? Did so-called "Oriental fatalism" prevent the advance of Science, or was that fatalism a consequence of the absence of technological advance? In the contemporary scene, is Science more integral to Western society than to Oriental society, or has it merely had longer to integrate itself within that society?

Such are some of the questions pressing upon me, though as yet unanswered, after a concentrated involvement in East-West understanding, specifically in the microcosm of Anglo-Indian understanding. Mutual understanding must probe deeply within the intricate textures of the differing cultures. Yet mutual appreciation need not await the answers to such questions. It can begin immediately, though fragmentarily, in dialogue between those of different faiths, in the gazing in silence upon the art form, in the enrapturement in the presence of dance or music: for though that other faith or aesthetic may be alien, if we open ourselves to truth in its presence, it will reveal glimpses of that universal Truth of which our native culture speaks to us more readily — but no less partially. For if today we see but darkly through the glass of our own cultural heritage, then, as patience and knowledge grow, we shall see more and more face to face. To pursue East-West understanding is to pursue that Oneness of Truth which exists within, across and beyond, all cultures.

BRIAN G. COOPER

The Timeless Blossoming

Out of winter's silence
A beauty in the mind
Blossoms — suddenly —
Like flowers in the spring.

AUDREY S. LA ROCHE

New Books and Old

A Querulous Fantasy *

THIS BOOK by the talented and versatile author of *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* and *A Passage to England* has now been before the public for two years. It has been profusely reviewed; and is now before us as a Jaico paperback. It promises to be the first of a series of similar works in which the theme is going to be pursued. The motto "Know Thyself" placed at the commencement, repeated in Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, and French followed by an *et cetera,* provides a specimen of the author's polyglot scholarship, and love of scattering broadcast, in the course of his narrative, tags from foreign languages, and references suggesting a vast range of reading, antiquarian, contemporary, and cosmopolitan. But coyly, and at the very outset, he disclaims all right to being considered learned, and expresses his "gratitude in advance to those who will not treat this book as a work of scholarship, and call me learned." The reviewer is not among those who have earned his gratitude.

The author proceeds:

> Having tried to acquire learning and failing to do so, I know who is learned and who is not. I am not. In order to convince the reader that this is not insincerity I shall mention the names of four men whom I regard as truly learned. They are Mommsen, Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, Harnack, and Eduard Meyer. When young I cherished the ambition of being the fifth in that series. So I could not have been very modest. But a standard is a standard.

The author can certainly be ironical at his own expense, but I am not sure he is wholly sincere. Anyhow this is a good example of his style. But it is not always so genial. At times — most of the time — he indulges in descriptions marked by a nauseating realism and gleams of sardonic humour, occasionally relieved by flashes of insight.

Some brief extracts may help to give some idea of his realism and outlook, as well as of the way he handles his theme. We light early on this declaration:

> But I declare every day that a man who cannot endure dirt, dust, stench, noise, ugliness, disorder, heat and cold has no right to live in India. I would say no man can be regarded as a fit citizen of India until he has conquered his squeamishness to the point of being indifferent to the presence of fifty lepers in various stages of decomposition within a hundred yards, or not minding the sight of ubiquitous human excreta everywhere, even in a big city.

Similar fortitude is needed in a reader who is to read this book from cover to cover.

The title of the book is tell-tale. Circe in Greek legend is the celebrated enchantress who changed the companions of Odysseus into swine, but he made her break the spell. In the present context, the author claims to be Odysseus, but he is highly doubtful if he will succeed in breaking the spell. And who is Circe? She is no other than the presiding genius of India who converts all immigrants into swine. So in an impassioned address to his "fellow-beasts" in the Epilogue he adjures them to break the spell and free themselves. But, alas! they will not heed him:

> But I would save my fellow-beasts. They do not, however, listen to me. They honk, neigh, bellow, bleat, or grunt, and scamper away to their scrub, stable, byre, pen, and sty.

The entire book is dominated by a single idea, which becomes almost a psychopathic obsession. India is a country in which all those who come from outside deteriorate speedily and incur-

* *The Continent of Circe: An Essay on the Peoples of India.* By NIRAD C. CHAUDHURI (Jaico Publishing House, Bombay. 376 pp. 1966. Rs. 5.00)

ably. The children of Circe are the aboriginals; all others are her victims. The first victims were the Aryans. In their contacts with the aboriginals, both were corrupted. The slow metamorphosis of the British during their sojourn in India furnishes the author with his historical model. All this is supported by a fanciful and even fantastic ethnology and history, interpreted *à la* Chaudhuri. The world's knowledge of India is wholly mistaken. Only the author can furnish the clue to the right type of epistemology which will enable an understanding of the Hindu mind and personality, which in its double-facedness is schizophrenic in essence. He gleefully speaks of the "collective insanity of the Hindus." He hits out left and right with a free hand, and has a great deal to say about foreigners in India and makes shrewd observations about the several minority groups in India. But his choicest venom is reserved for the Anglicized Hindus whom he dubs the "dominant minority." Of course he reckons himself one among them, but claims that he has rescued his "European soul" from thraldom to the enchantress Circe. And his advice to his "fellow-beasts" also is, "Cease to think of yourselves as Orientals, and never admit that there is any mental bond between you and true Asiatics."

The author's epistemology is utterly simple: to make things stand on their head; to reverse the relations between cause and effect, and substitute the one for the other. Thus he denies that the degeneration of Hindu character was brought about by subjection to foreign rule. On the other hand, "the degeneracy, instead of being the product of the subjection, was its cause." Again, he holds that this inherent degeneracy gave rise to Indian philosophy, and asserts, "The philosophies do not make our life what it is, it was the life which made the philosophies what they are." And what are they? According to Shri Chaudhuri:

> No greater nonsense has ever been talked than that about the profundity of Hindu thought. There is no such thing as thinking properly so called among the Hindus, for it is a faculty of mind developed only in Greece, and exercised only by the heirs of the Greeks. A very large part of what is called Hindu thinking is woolly speculation or just mush.

So far, the author has been allowed to "expose" himself. Now, in summing up, some comment is unavoidable. The book reads like a record of the fantasies of a seasick man who sees his ship and all the passengers pitching and rolling and reeling, and yet revels in his own nausea. Only, this time, it is not the sea but the land that makes him sick. The description of Indian culture reminds one more of a bacterial culture of "mixed infections," a seething, pullulating mass of unspeakable corruption. Many of the author's facts cannot indeed be challenged; but the perspective is distorted beyond recognition. The reader feels, not like Alice in Wonderland, but rather like Mickey Mouse in Disneyland. But with a difference; for Mickey is standing on his head, and sees the whole world topsy-turvy.

How are we to explain this strange phenomenon of a gifted author employing his undoubted talents for misinterpreting his own countrymen? Can it be that he is suffering from a pervasive and deep-seated existential nausea of the type described by Sartre in his famous book with that title? Or are we to invoke the aid of psychoanalysis?

Having said all this, one cannot withhold admiration for the way the author has marshalled his vast array of facts, and the calculated malice (French sense) with which he has built up his preposterous thesis. And then there is his style, forcible and lively, capable of a deliberate vulgarity, occasionally striking a false note, and ever charged with a fatal facility. One could picture him, not as a victim of Circe, but rather as her heir and successor, to whom she has bequeathed her magic wand, with a single flourish of which he transforms his own victims into something worse than swine.

K. GURU DUTT

Tarjumān al-Qur'ān. Vol. II: *Al-Baqarah* to *Al-Anfa'āl* (Chs. II–VIII of the *Qur'ān*). By MAWLANA ABUL KALAM AZAD. Ed. and rendered into English by SYED ABDUL LATIF. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 508 pp. 1967. Rs. 30.00)

Mawlānā Abul Kalām Āzād was a versatile savant in Arabic, Persian, and Urdu, and a prose stylist of the first calibre in his mother tongue, Urdu. Among his voluminous writings none has attained such success as the *Tarjumān al-Qur'ān,* which may be rendered *The Interpreter of the Koran.* His style is to be compared with the organ tones of Milton or of Newman. Just as they were masters of Greek and Latin, and breathed into English the classical spirit, so also Azad combined in his prose the beauty of Urdu with the majesty (that seems to be the word) of the language of the *Koran* and *Mutannabbī.* It is lucid, exact, and full of allusions; but its beauty and undertones can only be appreciated by one who is steeped in the classics of the Islamic medieval world.

Two lithographed editions of the *Tarjumān* were published during the author's lifetime; and many pirated editions, later, both within and across our borders. A third, definitive edition is being published by the Sahitya Akademi, of which the first volume was published in type in 1964, with a foreword by Dr. Zakir Husain, himself a master of Urdu prose (printed by the Dā'irat al-Ma'ārif Press, Hyderabad, Deccan, 554+12 pp. 1964, Rs. 22.00). It contains a valuable Biographical Appendix by Professor Muḥammad Ajmal Khān, for long the author's private secretary and a *Koran*-scholar in his own right. We look forward to the remaining two volumes, as the printing and get-up of the earlier editions leaves much to be desired, and in any event they are rare and are obtainable only at fancy prices.

The *Tarjumān* is itself incomplete. It consists of a long, philosophical commentary on the opening chapter of the *Koran,* the *Fātiḥa* (460 pp. in the Akademi edition; 176 in the second ed.). Dr. Latif translated this first chapter of the *Koran*-commentary in his first volume. The present volume gives us a rendering of Chapters II to VIII of the *Koran*; and the third and last volume will presumably complete the rendering of the remaining chapters, IX to XXIII. The rest of the *Koran,* Chapters XXIV to CIV, were translated by the author, but the MS. was lost in jail, and thus to posterity. The loss is grievous, because no-one wielding the pen in Urdu at present has either the style or the learning to complete the magnificent torso.

Azad's work has three positive qualities: a majestic style; a catholic mind; a twentieth-century spirit. Before Dr. Latif, Mr. Ashfaque Husain had given us a very useful summary of the teaching of Vol. I in his *Quintessence of Islam* in less than a hundred pages (Asia, often reprinted). Dr. Latif essays a complete rendering. Being a professor of English himself, he commands a good style, and his translation will be read widely for its accuracy and readability. The rendering is generally competent; but in translating a great stylist, with an arabicized and allusive style, it would be futile to expect general agreement in matters of detail.

But we wish that typography and transliteration had been attended to with greater care. To take a few glaring examples:

"Qur'ān" (in italic, with two marks) appears to be pedantic in a book for the ordinary reader — "Koran," recommended by the *Concise Oxford Dictionary,* is enough for the ordinary reader and would not mislead the scholar; the consonant *'ayn* should be inserted in words like *'umrā* and *'Imrān* (pp. 84, 171); *mutashabihath* is delightfully reminiscent of Hyderabad — it should be *mutashābihāt* (p. 139); "Uhad" should be "Uhud" (p. 194); "al-Nisa" should be *al-Nisā'* (p. 209); "'Ziq'ada" should be *dhī'l-qa'da* (p. 277); "al-Arāf" should be *al-A'rāf* (pp. 394 ff.); "al Anfa'āl" should be *al-Anfāl* (title-page).

These are comparatively minor short-

comings; and we hope in the second edition systematic transliteration will replace typographical confusion. It is possible that the resources of the press were unequal to the task; but, in a book so authoritative and so readable, such misprints are not excusable.

We hope the publishers will soon put forward an inexpensive paperback edition for the thirsty multitudes.

A. A. A. FYZEE

Alchemy: Science of the Cosmos, Science of the Soul. By TITUS BURCKHARDT. Trs. from the German by WILLIAM STODDART. (Stuart and Watkins, London. 206 pp. Illustrated. 1967. 35*s*.)

This work is a great contribution to our knowledge of the nature of alchemy. In contrast to so many intellectual exponents of the subject it seems evident that the author is a devout adept who speaks from *personal experience*. It is most refreshing to find such an authority, who is at pains to make clear to what the various complexities of this ancient art really point, and from the start to make it plain to the reader that here we are concerned with an inner science of the soul. As the great masters always used to infer, this science is concerned with the *aurum non vulgi*. We are shown that the various metals represent symbols of the divinely evolving essence within the soul of man. Indeed alchemy may be called the art of the transmutations of the soul. It may be compared, for instance, with the mysticism of Nicholas Flamel (1330–1417), an alchemist who had recourse to the language of his Christian faith and who described the completion of the work in a most revealing manner. According to the author alchemy does not speak of the union with God. What is related to the mystical way is the alchemist's aim to regain the original *nobility* of human nature and its symbolism. The purity of the symbol of man must be regained before human form can be reassumed to its infinite divine archetype. Although the style of alchemy is so different from mysticism which is directly based on religious faith, it shows how alchemy presupposes belief in God, and great emphasis is laid on the fact that all the great alchemistic masters insisted on the practice of prayer. Alchemy, however, has no theological framework. It is closer to the Way of Knowledge (*gnosis*) than to the Way of Love.

EDWARD THORNTON

Love, the Unknown. By DALLAS KENMARE. (Johnson Publications, London. 243 pp. 1965. 30*s*.)

"The only possible one," says Miss Kenmare in reference to the title of this her latest book, and as she leads us from depth to depth of her subject we fully agree. For what we may have thought of as the commonest, albeit richest, of emotions is revealed as profound cosmic law, operating through innumerable relationships (of which the erotic is only one, to be neither overvalued nor undervalued), enabling men and women to live "in co-operation with the Creator, in other words in *creativeness*"—a creativeness not necessarily expressed in childbirth since great poetry and art are equally its offspring.

Sex, as an aspect of this law, is treated with deep understanding, which embraces childhood, adolescence, marriage and family life, extra-marital relationships, divorce, and "the important problem of celibacy." But these are, in a sense, the lesser issues; for the phrase "the phenomenon of love" shows how far beyond personalities the writer's vision extends. As a phenomenon is the outward form of inner reality, so love on the human plane contains infinite, i.e., divine, meaning, best apprehended by the poets, from whom Miss Kenmare, herself a poet, quotes richly. They are *par excellence* the "men of wisdom" to whom the "men of action" would do

well to pay heed, if the latter's long record of chaos and tragedy does not itself enforce a lesson.

But the present age is secular to the core. Hence its sensuality, violence, and neurosis. "It is because we have failed to understand the true nature of Love that human life is now threatened with total destruction." Those of us who are appalled by such a plight might regard this book as indispensable. Wide reading, deep reflection, heart-wisdom inspire every line of it. As its author says, "True values [are] the only satisfying nourishment." She provides this in full, restorative abundance.

JOAN N. BURNETT

Music Therapy. By JULIETTE ALVIN. (John Baker Ltd., London. 174 pp. Illustrated. 1966. 36*s*.)

Few facets of practical psychology are more fascinating than music therapy, and few persons as well equipped as Miss Alvin to explore and expand these subtle links between an art, an applied science, and social values. Herself a 'cellist, she has worked in music therapy for adults and children, treating both the mentally and the physically sick. This, her second book, is concise and persuasive, with essential details on subjects like the physical and psychological effects of — and responses to — music, with analyses of both individuals and groups, "Music in the Treatment of Physical Disorder," "Mental Illness: Recreation and Therapy," "Present and Future Trends," etc. The first third of the book gives a perceptive "Historical Background"; the origin of music in its cosmic, magical (even diabolical!), religious, and biological aspects; music in "religious" and in "rational" healing with examples as far apart as David with Saul, and the eighteenth-century *castrato,* Farinelli.

Her case is all the more cogent for her caution, common sense, and perception of the different (and often progressive) kinds of treatment needed by varying types of patient. Primitive African speaking drums can even be used with non-communicative schizophrenics. Twelve illustrations convey some of the breadth of the subject: for instance, "Magical Healing with Music" (Congo rites); the late Dr. Sydney Mitchell's orchestra of psychiatric patients; a dancing session in a psychiatric hospital; Miss Alvin herself playing the 'cello to mentally handicapped children; eight physically handicapped children playing wind-instruments; a left arm amputee playing the viola "with an artificial arm, rotary wrist and flexible fingers"; a pedalling backlever for a pianist unable to use feet or legs; and a trio of psychiatric patients (frontispiece), among whom the violinist made his own instrument.

We certainly wish Miss Alvin's book and work signal success.

TERENCE WHITE GERVAIS

Studies in the Metaphysics of Bradley. By SUSHIL KUMAR SAXENA. (Muirhead Library of Philosophy. George Allen and Unwin Ltd., London. 276 pp. 1967. 45*s*.)

We are told on the dust-cover that this work "is a modified form of the author's research thesis, *Metaphysics of Bradley,* on which he was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Delhi in 1963." It is clear, scholarly, penetrating, and balanced. Its aim is to rescue Bradley from unfair criticism.

This criticism is many-sided. It comes from empirical, positivist, phenomenalist, logical, and existentialist writers. Substantially familiar with this assault from such a diversity of philosophical viewpoints, Dr. Saxena can yet discover something true and vital in that sentient monism of Bradley which to so many of us today, old as well as young, seems utterly dead. "It is my implicit

belief that close and patient attention to his dialectic is of great help in meeting most of the accepted objections to his metaphysics" (p. 11). Dr. Saxena has indeed given not merely close and patient, but consistently sympathetic, attention to the whole corpus of Bradley's writings, which include in particular *The Principles of Logic, Appearance and Reality, Essays on Truth and Reality,* and *Ethical Studies*. At the same time, throughout the sustained complexity of Bradley's thought, with its mordant criticisms and vigorous dogmatisms and imaginative audacities, Dr. Saxena holds fast to the central intuition of the felt Absolute:

> We cannot realize the full and essential significance of Bradley's metaphysics unless we remain continually alive to its two distinct idioms, the intuitive and the rational ... though the epistemology is sceptical the ontology is mystical (pp. 17-18).

But that is the trouble. That a mystical vision should provide an impulsion to philosophical speculation is one thing. It is quite another when philosophical speculation ends and thereby dies in mystical intuition. We do philosophy when we try to talk without self-contradiction of anything whatsoever, and of as many things as possible together. In the older style we believe that such self-consistent talk will elucidate the reality that transcends it. In the newer style we are content with the self-consistent talk. In the older style we worry how there can be a God who is completely good and creative of all things, when there are some things which are patently bad. In the newer style, we worry how a man can say that the cover of this book is green, when the same or another man can say that the cover of this book is red. But how can we hope to satisfy our logical lust by a logical swindle? Yet surely there is such a swindle in an argument which in skeleton is simply this: that since we cannot talk without self-contradiction of any perceived or felt particular thing, there must be an absolute togetherness of all things in which all logical contradictions are resolved, since otherwise our logical lust must remain frustrated.

Nevertheless, what might seem a logical swindle to some of Bradley's readers does not seem so to Dr. Saxena:

> What makes Bradley's work specially important to us today is his reasoned and sustained emphasis that thought is compelled rationally to posit its own transcendence in a supra-relational whole" (p. 259).

But why should not thought be able to recognize that among the facts of the world there is the fact that thought must remain ungratified? It is not the least of Dr. Saxena's merits that his lucid advocacy is also provocative.

M. KAYE

Knowledge of Actions. By BETTY POWELL. (George Allen and Unwin Ltd,. London. 112 pp. 1967. 18*s*.)

The linguistic and neo-positivist trends in modern Western thought, however unsatisfying if taken as the whole compass of philosophy, can still offer necessary stimulus for precise thinking. Just this is the aim, successfully fulfilled, of Dr. Powell's book, in which "some problems about a certain class of actions are considered solely as problems of knowledge." Instead of discussing the relation between actions and beliefs, the authoress considers "the way in which true or false beliefs are related to the agent's *knowledge* of his actions." She steers clear of many dangers current in her school — e.g., arbitrarily re-defining a well-known word and then assuming it has always been used in the new sense (yet see p. 23: "the word 'know' should be restricted to actions of the kind to which reference to truths is required"). She quotes much from Ryle's *Concept of Mind*; in her occasional disagreements with him she seems plausible (e.g., Chs. v and vii); we would further accept her criticism of Stuart Hampshire's view of

an action as a "trying to" (pp. 105 ff.). Good also are her criticisms of Hume (e.g., Ch. IV, "Acting on One's Knowledge"), of Ayer (e.g., Ch. VI, "Knowledge of Particular Actions"), and of Strawson (also Ch. VI). Sundry confusions (e.g., between questions of origin and questions of truth, pp. 82, 109 etc.) are clarified. Dr. Powell introduces one term of her own (Ch. IV), "*e*-action (action as episode)" to distinguish between, e.g., knowledge of actions independently of any agent and an agent's belief or his statement about his *e*-actions. "Behaviour Criteria and Knowledge of Others," "Knowledge of Particular Actions," and "Self-Knowledge" are the titles of the last three chapters. Altogether a stimulating, concise little volume.

TERENCE WHITE GERVAIS

A Gift of Prophecy: The Phenomenal Jeane Dixon. By RUTH MONTGOMERY. (Arthur Barker Ltd., London. 182 pp. 1966. 21*s.*); *Silent Union: A Record of Unwilled Communication.* By FRANCIS EAGLESFIELD. (Stuart and Watkins, London. 95 pp. 1966. 21*s.*)

Leaving aside fanatical sceptics like Dr. Hansel who attribute ESP to wholesale fraud, people often view the possessors of psychic faculties as throwbacks or forerunners. The Eastern concept of cyclic evolution — from spirit to matter and back again, with powers self-consciously unfolding, from the experience in matter — reconciles the two. The reawakening of further latent powers in man was foretold by H. P. Blavatsky as far back as the end of the last century, with the warning of the danger of such development in a selfish, competitive, and materialistic environment. It is noteworthy how many "ordinary" people have had some out-of-the-ordinary experience (witness the numerous examples of precognition and such-like collected by J. B. Priestley for his book *Man and Time*). One outstanding "sensitive" today is Mrs. Jeane Dixon of Washington, whose story is sympathetically given in *A Gift of Prophecy*.

A sincere Christian, who will take no money for what she believes to be a God-given faculty, Mrs. Dixon has made amazing predictions covering not only matters of individual concern but world events — the assassinations of Gandhi and of Kennedy, the launching of Russian space satellites, etc. Her means of perception vary. Visions may be symbolic, and sometimes misinterpreted, though not, she claims, the direct, unsought visions. Time alone will show how far her interpretation of her visions of the future of America and the world is correct, or how far coloured by her creed and national loyalties. It suffices that her integrity, compassion, and modesty, as well as her instinctive mode of life (she is a vegetarian who neither drinks nor smokes) all show a natural power unfolding, not yet understood, nor under real control, but one which, it has been said, will be the conscious heritage of mankind when it has overcome its blind egotism and materialistic selfishness.

The other book, *Silent Union,* written under a pen name by a doctor, comprises true stories from his diary of inner "communication," precognition, dream experience, telepathy, clairvoyance, and healing, met with among his "ordinary" patients (farmer, coalman, ex-nurse, etc.) as among his friends. Though orthodox in his medical practice, the doctor is himself "sensitive," a believer in reincarnation, attracted to Buddhism with its doctrine of self-help, and owning a circle of friends also "sensitive" in some degree. The writing style may at times slightly irritate, but the stories are of interest in that they show the spontaneous activity of inner faculties in "simple people in banal surroundings," often diffident about mentioning their queer experiences. Some people, like his jolly Mrs. Jones, seem unconscious catalysts, heightening the inner perception or bringing healing

currents, and there is a cyclic aspect to the manifestations. The doctor attributes the phenomena to the workings of a "universal consciousness." The older philosophies spoke of the *anima mundi*, or the "astral light," the invisible register of thoughts, feelings, and events, and the agent for the transmission of energies. A study of it, bearing in mind always the moral aspect, would elucidate Jeane Dixon's gift and similar manifestations. There is no question of forcing the development of such power, but if the unfolding is to come, then it would be wise to understand their nature, and to learn how to handle them for the benefit of mankind.

L. MARR

Prachin Bharat Ka Itihas (History of Ancient India). Hindi. By PURUSHOTTAM LAL BHARGAVA. (The Upper India Publishing House Ltd., Lucknow. 582 pp. 1966. Rs. 15.00)

There are only a few standard texts on the history of Ancient India. This book is a welcome addition to the present literature in Hindi. The author has discussed the nature of history in the first chapter and emphasized the importance of history as a subject of study. In the second chapter he has described India and its peoples. There is nothing new in this chapter; as a matter of fact only nine pages have been devoted to this important topic. At one place in this chapter the author writes, "Most people in India follow Vedic religion and its different offshoots. They are known as Hindus." (p. 10) This statement requires further explanation. Why is it that the term "Hindu" has been used for the people following Vedic religion? Thus at many places the author has been making statements without giving reasons. It is really unfortunate that many historians feel tempted to interpret historical facts in the light of their own religious and political thinking. Dr. Bhargava has not been able to take a detached view of historical happenings in ancient India.

The book has many useful references but many of them are incomplete. Though this is a book on the history of ancient India, the author has included in it considerable material pertaining to the history of early medieval India. One may question this approach. It is high time that efforts were made to publish in Hindi such books on Indian history as are written objectively. The present volume by Dr. Bhargava has highlighted once more the need for concerted effort in writing an authoritative history of ancient India.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

A History of the Arya Samaj. By LAJAPAT RAI. Ed. by SRI RAM SHARMA. (Orient Longmans Ltd., Bombay. 217 pp. 1967. Rs. 10.50)

This book, containing a detailed account of the origin and development of the Arya Samaj and also biographical details about its founder, Dayanand Saraswati, is a very important one from religious, social, spiritual, political, and philosophical points of view, especially as it is from the pen of one who played a distinguished part in the development of the movement. Though India is veritably a land of saints, Dayanand was more than a saint and was a bold reformer, optimistic philosopher, and an ardent patriot as will be evidenced by his *Satyartha Prakash* and his other monumental works. He founded the Arya Samaj with the sole object of stabilizing Vedic Hinduism and struggled against tremendous odds in spreading doctrines such as the infallibilty of the Vedas, the abolition of caste distinctions and the worship of gods with fire or *Homa* sacrifice. He affirmed the eternal existence of matter, soul, and God. God is the creator, preserver, and destroyer of the Universe and pervades it and metes out justice according to the *Karma* of the individual. He was

dead against superstition of any kind.

The editor might have done well to add an Appendix giving an up-to-date and comprehensive account of the activities of the Movement here and abroad.

K. E. PARTHASARATHY

Country Life in England: An Anthology. Edited by E. W. MARTIN. (Macdonald and Company Ltd., London. 254 pp. Illustrated. 1966. 35*s*.)

The author has not made a general country anthology, but has selected eighty-eight passages from writers (sixteenth-century to the present day) to illustrate a theme from his own field as a social historian—the contrast between the former simplicity of rural life, whether truly an "organic community" or not, and the complex modern industrialized, speeded-up environment, with its loss of the sense of relationship, of human ecology. Land enclosure in the name of improved management and scientific farming was the start of the change, and the quotations chosen by Mr. Martin, as well as the thirty illustrations from old sources, give an illuminating kaleidoscopic picture of yeoman and peasant life, as it was. They lead on through all the changes, political and industrial (Poor Laws, labour problems, Luddite revolts against machinery, the railway boom, and so on) that brought modern rural life into being.

He begins with the delightful, if somewhat daunting, survey of duties enjoined on the farm wife by John Fitzherbert (d. 1531) in his *Boke of Husbandry*. He draws on writers like Goldsmith, Clare, Addison, Wordsworth, Arthur Young, Cobbett, Byron, Hudson, D. H. Lawrence, Hardy, Massingham, Seebohm Rowntree, Stapledon, and many others to highlight his theme. The picture includes the recreations, songs, land lore, and so on, as well as the grimmer facets and conditions, of earlier rural life. The last section quotes the views of some modern writers trying to "find balance, some point of contact" in the changing face of England, so that tradition is not completely lost under all the "improvements" of enthusiastic planning authorities. Mr. Martin's introduction and linking commentary will help the student of the social history of English country life, as well as the intelligent general reader, to find both "interest and excitement" in the subject.

L. MARR

Shadow from Ladakh. By BHABANI BHATTACHARYA. (W. H. Allen, London. 373 pp. 1967. 30*s*.)

From a slow and somewhat didactic start this novel blossoms into a warm-hearted tale of modern India. Its characters represent some of the most diverse and antagonistic forces in the current Indian scene. Satyajit, the leader of a Gandhian community village, faces Bhaskar, the Western-trained steelman determined to take over the village and its lands for steelworks extensions. Satyajit defends its community and its ideals; Bhaskar finds them meaningless. Who will win?

Before the final reckoning many of the entrenched positions of both Gandhians and modernists are examined and weighed. That both are found wanting is to be expected, but exactly how, is the major theme of this rewarding book.

Shri Bhattacharya is one of a growing number of Indian names increasingly penetrating all levels of the English-speaking literary scene. His compassionate but colourful and humorous writing is badly needed to counteract the more brutal transatlantic influences which seem to have the upper hand at the moment. This sort of leaven comes very naturally to Indian writers and could be a great contribution at this juncture.

The charge of "anti-life" laid against

the Gandhians by their critics in this novel is one that cannot be lightly denied, nor the futility of the kind of passive resistance proposed as an answer to the Chinese invasion — the circumstance that gives this book its title. Can Gandhianism survive the death of Gandhi? Which is the way forward? These questions are asked, but not directly answered. The only possible answer appears in the narrative as it reaches its end, and very fitting climax.

A moving tale, well told, with much to ponder on.

VIVIAN WORTHINGTON

Indian Systems of Writing. (Publications Division, Government of India, Delhi. 44 pp. 1966. Re. 1.00)

Seven articles on Indian script written by seven eminent scholars are presented in this booklet with a view to emphasizing the unity in diversity in the multiplicity of Indian scripts. Though it may sound strange to many, the AIR and the Publications Division have thought it fit to include the Roman writing system among the Indian systems of writing. As we accept English spoken in this country as one of the Indian languages, the logic of the situation would justify the treatment of the Roman system of writing among the Indian systems. It must not, however, be lost sight of that historically this system is relatively new in India despite its three thousand years' history and must be considered at a different level from the other Brahmi-based scripts of India.

Barring Roman, the different systems of Indian writing may be traced back to Brahmi and Kharosthi. The Kharosthi writing or systems based on it are no longer current in India. It is Brahmi which is the mother of all the current Indian scripts used by languages irrespective of their family affiliation. Though all the writers draw attention to this unique factor of inherent unity, they have tried to present the process of development of the regional characters.

Ever since Buhler put forward the hypothesis of the Semitic origin of the Brahmi characters, scholars have been debating about its validity. In these discussions some broad hints are given linking Brahmi to the Mohenjodaro writing. Similarly, an attempt has been made to throw new light on the naming of Nagari and put it in perspective *vis-à-vis* the other scripts.

This brochure is a helpful handbook for the intelligent layman. But it also presents the woolly thinking of the Government from the point of view of policy. That Shri Gokak pleads the superior efficiency of Roman and indirectly commends it may be dismissed as his personal view. But such presentations do not in any way clarify the Government policy with regard to the scripts. In the context of the debate on Nagari *vs.* Roman in this country, it would have been much better if at least one discussion had been directly devoted to the problem of the suitability of either or of any other claimants rather than slipping in a few casual comments here and there.

Both the All India Radio and the Publications Division are to be congratulated for bringing to the fore discussions on such important relevant topics as language and script. The publication of this brochure also points out that much is yet to be desired in the discriminating use of these mass media in presenting the Government thinking and the thinking of scholars in the field in a complete and comprehensive manner.

DEBI PRASANNA PATTANAYAK

Points of View: An Anthology of Short Stories. Ed. by JAMES MOFFETT and KENNETH R. MCELHENNY. (New American Library, New York; New English Library Ltd., London. 576 pp. 1966. 95 cents)

Points of View is an unorthodox assortment of forty-one short stories chosen because they make "good reading." It provides a sampling of the whole range of narrative methods in the belief that someone who has become acquainted with all the forms of short-story-writing will naturally be a more sophisticated and perceptive reader.

The editors are both distinguished teachers of English and have attempted to present in this miscellany a collection for public schools according to a "new rationale for an English curriculum." The selections were made with this academic bias and it is difficult to get over the impression that in these stories by the "superior writers of this century and the last" the common reader may not find anything absorbingly interesting. There is nothing wrong with the stories chosen, but the arrangement of these into specified grooves of literary technique and the editorial *obiter dicta* that preface each group and the breezily chatty Afterword which is erected at the end of the volume as a sort of reredos to the altar of the modern Muse of the Short Story may cause the casual reader as much irritation as the allegory in *The Faerie Queene*.

The idea behind this collection appears to be to give the students some idea of the essentials of a successful short story. But I am afraid this laudable aim has been to a certain extent frustrated by the non-inclusion of stories that could not make the grade. Comparison of stories that have clicked with those that have not will give students of fiction a clear idea of what to avoid and also of the many pitfalls in the uphill path of short-story-writing.

The stories selected, though not familiar anthology pieces, are all eminently readable. There is an understandable emphasis on the American masters (the book is designed primarily for American schools). Perhaps the selections could have been given a more representative character by the incorporation of short stories from Australia and India, and prehaps such an arrangement would have provided a better idea of the "total spectrum of the diverse fictional technique." The title *Points of View* in that case would fit the book neatly and "pressly."

DILIP KUMAR SEN

Treasury of Thought. By DAGOBERT D. RUNES. (Philosophical Library, New York. 395 pp. 1966. $6.00)

In an age when trivia and obviously pointless pursuits choke the essence of living so that "we have no time to stand and stare," to reach out to essentials or grope for an "inwardness" which brings peace and understanding, the tabloids of wisdom provided by this *Treasury of Thought* are welcome indeed. All goodness, all rightness — in fact, all creation — revolves round *Humata;* for even "the Universe is a thought of God" and nothing can exist without it. "All man's world is in man's mind; man's mind *is* man's world."

In the present collection Dr. Runes, who has to his credit over thirty books in the field of philosophy and social history, provides observations (extending over half a century) on life and death, on education, hope, love, war and peace, faith and disbelief, and a wide variety of human emotions, experiences, and beliefs. One glimpses behind the writing a wise and mature mind, a consciousness that has savoured life to the full and a spirit which can stimulate and teach others. The author has found wisdom and evolved a philosophy of life which reflects tolerance and understanding, the kind of philosophy which, as he observes,

> is no more than man's orientation in the cosmos, from which stem the kindness, tolerance and generosity which are the basis of all true teaching. Beyond these simple tasks of ethics there is nothing that falls in the realm of philosophy. Philosophy is ethics or it is nothing at all. ...

Treasury of Thought is beautifully

produced, suitably classified, and easy to read. It makes an excellent gift or bedside book for the thoughtful reader; for it reflects a type of personality which the late Dr. Schweitzer saluted in these words: "We both travel in the same path to bring to mankind a deeply ethical, a deeply spiritual consciousness ... ."

HILLA C. VAKEEL

S. R. TIKEKAR

Two Indian Scholars

Dr. S. D. Satwalekar and Dr. N. G. Chapekar

[Shri S. R. Tikekar is an old contributor and well known to our readers. Here he gives us appreciative biographical notes on the lives and achievements of two honoured scholars. Dr. Satwalekar completes his hundredth year this month ; Dr. Chapekar was ninety-eight in August. Last year they were honoured together by the Poona University with the degree of D.LITT. (*honoris causa*).—ED.]

S. D. SATWALEKER (born 1867) is a scholar who has devoted his life to the study of Vedic and Sanskrit epic literature. His long life can be divided into three distinct parts.

In the first, preparatory period, we see him taking to the study of fine art — drawing and painting — and winning the highest honour in that field — the Gold Medal. Side by side, he was reading the Vedic lore, in which he found something striking, something badly needed for the times he was moving in. He therefore wrote an essay describing the strength of Vedic prayers. Curiously, such an article brought on him the wrath of the then administration and, the printer and publisher having been penalized, a search was being conducted for the erring writer. Assignments for portrait-painting took the artist from place to place, and the police thought he was evading arrest. At Gurukul, Kangri, where Satwalekar was a teacher, a large police force was more than surprised when the "culprit" surrendered voluntarily, on knowing that they had arrived there for him. The trying magistrate found the dangerous wanted man not guilty of the charge brought against him and Satwalekar was acquitted. But the freedom was so conditioned that he preferred to become a commercial photographer in far-off Lahore and Simla. Here too he earned such a high reputation that the business was run for many decades after he had left it under his aegis.

Satwalekar had seen the vast influence of Swami Dayanand Saraswati (1824–83). He had learnt of Max Müller's (1823–1900) herculean effort in bringing out a printed version of the *Ṛgveda*[1] far away in Oxford. He marvelled how the German scholar could have managed to collect, collate, and print from types without the help of Brahmins. The efforts of the Christian missionaries in spreading the Gospel also impressed him. All these made such a strong impact that he left the lucrative business in Lahore and settled in Aundh (District Satara) where the Raja was considerate to the Vedic scholar. In fact, the full bloom of Vedic study, the hard work for the cheap and accurate printing of the Vedas, became possible only under the patronage of the Raja of Aundh.

Here begins the second stage. Pandit Satwalekar was successful in pointing out one or two "typographical" slips of Max Müller's, with the help of local Brahmins who had the text on the tips of their tongues. To have offered the text of four Vedas, with their "accents,"

[1] First ed., 1849–74 (Vols. I–VI); second ed., 1870–92 (Vols. I–IV)

in a Devanagari typeface, with practically no mistakes, for five rupees only, was an achievement which made Satwalekar well known all over India and abroad wherever Vedic texts, clearly and faultlessly printed, are valued.

He was busy at the same time making various indexes to the sacred text and to the *Gītā,* and rearranging the Vedas according to the Sages and according to the *Devatās* (deities) referred to. Translations into Marathi, Hindi, and Gujarati of the Epics, of the Upaniṣads, and of his own commentary on the *Gītā,*[2] were all proceeding apace.

His polyglot writings brought him many requests for easy means of acquiring mastery of the language of the Gods, Sanskrit. Twenty such books for learners were prepared, and they have become quite popular. They have run into many editions, and, to complete the task thus begun, Sanskrit examinations at three or four stages are conducted by the Swadhyaya Mandal, Pandit Satwalekar's institution of learning. He has thus prepared many tools for research and has also paved the way for students to take up the study of a language that is relatively neglected in schools and colleges.

As a public speaker, Pandit Satwalekar has some striking merits. He puts forth views, backed by authoritative texts, which are distinctly different from conventional Hindu thinking. For instance, he pleads for a positive and joyful approach to life. "Life is for living merrily, for living up to a hundred and twenty years, according to the Vedic standards. The ambition of the Vedic way of life is that I shall not be defeated. I shall be the conqueror." The pessimistic and passive mood that has overcome Hindu society has, according to him, no foundation in Vedic tradition.

Having thus captured the mind of the audience by the bold and distinctive approach, Pandit Satwalekar puts forth what he has come to feel to be the inner meaning of the Vedic gods and their functions. Incidentally, the achievements of ancient days, as recorded in Vedic and epic lore, are highlighted convincingly. The audience has seldom heard the bright side of the past expounded authoritatively. No wonder that Satwalekar proves a great attraction, particularly in the North. It is true that he is far more respected and honoured in the Hindi-speaking regions than in either Maharashtra or Gujarat. That is why he was given the Gold Medal for the best Hindi writing from the non-Hindi-speaking area.

Staying in out-of-the-way Aundh after 1947 became almost impossible for the Pandit with his press and his learned occupations. So he decided to migrate to Gujarat (to Pardi, Bulsar District), where he could secure a beautiful garden-plot on which to restart his translating, printing, and publishing activities. To have begun life afresh in perfect rural surroundings at an age when most people retire to quieter pursuits was in itself an act of heroism, possible for the Pandit only on the strength of his Vedic philosophy. Thus began the third part of his life.

Simple in tastes and habits, Satwalekar stays at Pardi in an Ashram, as it were, carrying on his round of duties, amidst Vedic books, in the atmosphere of the printing press. He still attends to his mail personally and promptly. Doctors have put a ban on his moving out of the house; he is prepared to travel anywhere. At present he is busy on an assignment from the Government of India: translating into Hindi the critical edition of the *Mahābhārata* as prepared by the Bhandarkar Institute, Poona.

This varied life, busy always with the highest wisdom of mankind, now fast approaching the century, was respectfully honoured by the Poona University last year with a D.LITT. It seems to be a case of the degree gaining lustre from a scholar who has been a symbol of learning and teaching all his life.

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[2] *Puruṣārthabodhinī* (English, Marathi, Gujarati, and Hindi)

NARAYAN GOVIND CHAPEKAR is another scholar of whom one may say the same. He is of almost equally venerable age and was similarly honoured.

Shri Chapekar's latent powers seem to have blossomed forth only after retirement. A full term of judicial service with the Government (twenty-five years) earned him a good pension in 1925; and since then Chapekar has been busy with a variety of self-imposed assignments. First, he helped to put the Maharashtra Sahitya Parishad on a sound footing, securing for its own building a suitable plot in a central locality in Poona. It was no longer a travelling office, moving with the elected President. Editing the quarterly of such a literary body and laying down high standards for his successors to follow was another difficult task he achieved with ease because he had already gathered round himself a band of young enthusiasts who volunteered help to him in many ways. Helping them to achievements in their own spheres, Shri Chapekar secured their willing co-operation for the Sahitya Parishad and its manifold activities.

The then Raja of Aundh was democratic-minded in his own way and, with Shri Chapekar's help, he successfully introduced reforms in the administration of his State, long before others thought of such a transfer of power to the elected representatives of the people. When the Raja offered him the post of Chief Justice of the State, Shri Chapekar naturally did his best to organize the State's judicial department on a sound footing. The framing of the constitution and the organization of the judiciary of Aundh State kept Chapekar busy for about twelve years (1931–42). Here he came in close contact with Pandit S. D. Satwalekar.

In the meanwhile, Shri Chapekar was preparing for his many books. He was fond of travelling and his tours to Nepal, Kashmir, and other places in the Himalayas provided him with material for two books: *Himālayāṅt* and *Kashmir*. These are marked by a keen observation and a sociological outlook throughout. Even at that stage, the desire to know new things, to learn from anyone at any time, was evident.

Shri Chapekar has by now tried his pen on a variety of topics. From some account sheets of a moneylender family he could produce a neat and compact volume, *Peśawāīcyā Sāvalīṅt*, on money and banking during a period under the Peshwa régime. *Tarpaṇ* and *Citpāvan* are studies of a sociological nature. Shri Chapekar read proofs at ninety-seven for the revised edition of the latter.[3] The hard work that he has put in on the revision may be mentioned to give an indication of his energy and methodical approach. A *pothi* (MS. volume) of the early-seventeenth-century *Vādeśvar Māhātmya*, came to light after the first edition of *Citpāvan*. And Vādeśhvar is the family deity of most of the Chitpavans. That MS. had to be studied and carefully scanned for more information about the knotty problem: the origin of the Chitpavans. Did they come to the Western coast from outside? If so, from what region and when? That they are not indigenous to Peninsular Deccan is now quite clear; but the other two riddles remain unsolved.

To gather bits of material from every corner even as the bee gathers honey from flower to flower, Shri Chapekar issued a questionnaire about the origin of each family and its special traits to hundreds of Chitpavans. The information was analysed for inclusion in his revised edition. Striking aspects of tradition moulded by prevailing conditions were provided in the replies Chapekar received. Dining with members of the Natu family was taboo to one family. This could be traced back to the treachery of a Natu who had offered to lower the Maratha flag from the Peshwa's residence in Poona, which the British were hesitant to do. The same Natu played an ignominious part in keeping a close watch on the Chhatrapati at Satara. The opprobrium still

[3] Reviewed by D. S. Soman in THE ARYAN PATH, February 1967, p. 92

attached to the Natus in the eyes of a sensitive family.

Shri Chapekar's *magnum opus*, however, is his socio-economic study of his own village, Badlapur, near Kalyan (District Thana). It is an impressive tome and has already attracted international attention. How was Shri Chapekar goaded to take up this study? The story is interesting and it has left a strong imprint on his mind.

During his college days, one of the Professors, a missionary, asked Chapekar for some elementary information about his place, Badlapur. Inability to answer left young Chapekar with a feeling of shame. Realization of his lack then made Chapekar curious in later life. That curiosity for knowledge has kept him fresh to his ninety-eighth year. In December 1965 he reviewed for the *Economic Weekly* (Bombay) a sociological study of the Newars. About a year or so before, he introduced historiography and expressed himself about the writing of history in a Foreword to my essays *On Historiography*. His Vedic researches are directed to finding out appropriate but hitherto little-known meanings of words and expressions. The main difficulty in understanding the Vedas is in finding the correct meanings of the words, tradition for hundreds of intervening years having been interrupted, though not the oral transmission of the text. His latest Vedic essay is about *Savitā*, in which he has some strikingly fresh information about the Sun-god and his worship.

The desire to communicate his thoughts is strong in Shri Chapekar. He thinks his experiences must be shared with others. Having chosen to live in a village, in perfectly rural surroundings, temporarily cut off from the urban world during the monsoons, he has been able to gather rich lessons for the benefit of those who are engaged in rural uplift. Chapekar at once chose the forum of the English *Yojana*, a journal of the Planning Commission, Delhi, and fearlessly told the truth. This same urge to tell others what one has realized prompted him to become a recognized guide for post-graduate studies (Bombay University) and to take classes of M.A. students.

It was because of this contact with post-graduate students that he was prepared to guide an American Fulbright scholar, William Morrison, who spent about two years with Shri Chapekar, in rural surroundings, and carried on the research about Badlapur with modern tools, the camera, the film, and the tape, from where the guide had left it. We may soon expect an American edition of that volume on *Badlapur*. Miss Mary, another student from the Antipodes, visited Badlapur; stayed with the Chapekar family; and later wrote regularly to the Grand Old Teacher. This may well be a "correspondence college" — a one-student college perhaps — conducted by a single *guru*. The entire correspondence is well worth a publisher's consideration.

In spirit of adventure, constant thirst for knowledge, and a sense of reverence towards intellectual pursuits, Shri Chapekar has always found that, in his experience, the White man has been superior and that we in India have neglected these individual virtues to such an extent that we even fail to notice them in others. His love of the English language has revived in recent years and he has taken to writing in it for a wider circulation. All these impressions were strengthened by his contact, even during official duty alone, with that rare species of I.C.S. men who have contributed to the study of Indology in general by many books which they wrote during their stay in India.

This appreciation has not prevented Shri Chapekar from being a nationalist to the core and in actual life. Instead of making Poona, a "Pensioners' Paradise," his home in retirement, he continued to remain in Badlapur, amidst poor villagers, denying himself the comforts of an urban life. He knows the ills of rural folk, and his criticism of welfare measures hastily got through legislatures where opposition is hardly vocal will benefit administrators and legislators alike.

Ever alert about happenings in the world, Shri Chapekar maintains an ever fresh quest for new thought, for new ideas, and is always on the look-out for new books.

The need of intellectuals with differences coming together socially has been Shri Chapekar's pet theme of discourse. One great effort of his is worth mentioning. In the Lok Sabha, when the Hindu Code Reforms were on the anvil, the Speaker (the late G. V. Mavlankar) was not in their favour (personally speaking), while the Law Minister (the late B. R. Ambedkar) was seriously for them. Shri Chapekar tried in Delhi to bring these two extremes together. That he could not succeed does not in any way reduce the importance of his lone effort in the right direction.

Shri Chapekar has enriched Marathi literature and thought by more than twenty serious books on various topics. Most of them are out of print, some after a second edition. In book reviews, he has set a high standard, appreciating the merit of any writer first, whatever criticism he has had to offer. His mere presence has been a source of inspiration to many a young man of letters. By gaining closer contact with him, others have raised their own stature and openly admitted their debt to him.

Such an old author, every inch a gentleman and a scholar, is an asset to the society in which he moves. His mere presence promotes healthy thought and affords the inspiring guidance which ripe age and a cheerful attitude towards life provide. If there were a national award for straightforward life, and for refusal to seek Governmental patonage, Dr. N. G. Chapekar would surely bag it.

S. R. TIKEKAR

Ends and Sayings

"... ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."

—SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras*

The attitude that turns agriculture, fruit-growing, and all farming into "industries" is disturbingly short-sighted and ultimately suicidal, when compared with a genuine "working with nature." Lawrence Hills of the Henry Doubleday Research Association at Braintree, Essex, England, describes one successful example of the latter in *The Countryman* (Summer 1967). This Research Association is geared to natural methods of cultivation, to "wholefood" promotion, as against chemical fertilizers and pesticides. Mr. Hills brings, therefore, a knowledgeable appreciation to his description of the only apple orchard in England (at Stock, near Ingatestone, Essex) where "craftsmanship entirely replaces chemicals," even though its neighbours are orthodox growers.

Apart from extra labour for picking, the orchard is run by John Habgood and his daughter with, as Mr. Hills delightfully puts it, "untold millions of regular employees," notably earthworms. It is they who scavenge the dead leaves, eliminating potential scab disease. They, and the trees, are fed on grass and clover ley, grown specially for their compost (standard Indore method) spread during the winter and taken down tidily by the worms during spring. John Habgood's special craft of pruning reduces leaf area and excess soft shoot-tips that encourage aphids. One long shoot is left as "safety-valve" to avoid new shoots bristling out below. Winter pruning is not done till February or March, to prevent the cuts from rotting, and the prunings are burnt as a precaution against mildew. Pest control (woolly aphis, etc.) is by natural

insect predators which, contrary to orthodox opinion, are not confined to a diet of one species. Since the Habgood trees do not have their bark rendered sterile by chemical winter washes, the lichens and algae that cover them provide food and homes for small insects that in turn serve as additional or alternative diet for the predators. One pest, red-spider, became a leaf-destroyer only when growers removed the lichens, its natural food. The article describes various pests and their enemies. In addition the orchard has about forty species of birds, most of them earning their keep as protectors. The only real exception is the bullfinch, now, alas, a menace by its massive destruction of fruit buds. So-called progress has exterminated the hawks, the bullfinches' chief predators.

Mr. Hills mentions the survey that Dr. F. C. Wicker of Cambridge University, with a team of scientists, is making, for publication, on the Habgood organic husbandry, in comparison with orthodox techniques. These latter demand as many as forty sprayings a season at a cost of £100 per acre. This original and highly successful pioneer work points back, as all originality must, to origins — to the conception of a total unity of life, an incomparably vast and infinitely complex diversity, functioning as one. All good wishes for greater success must go to such efforts, to the work of the Doubleday Association, as to the wider dissemination of this natural, life-giving approach.

Chemists, physicists, technicians, industrialists, and building and engineering contractors for lighting, heating, communications and transport, etc., are all creators, but, in the sophisticated environment of civilization, creators ministering all too often to minority desires and demands, regardless of others' needs. Thus, with power enhanced by their skills, they become despoilers, not regenerators, of the social and material environment, and a constant "civil war" between sections of the community ensues.

John Davy in "Noise, Speed and the Transport Slum" (*The Observer*, 16 July 1967) gives instances of this:

> The last century saw a miserable failure to manage factories—they polluted the landscape and generated slums, and we are still paying painfully for our great-grandparents' blunders. This century is witnessing a comparable failure in transport — an inability to manage road and air traffic in our own interests. Palls of smoke are being replaced by blankets of noise. For slums, read traffic jams. For TB and rickets, read road accidents and air disasters.

He has in mind especially two current controversies in Britain — the threatened imposition on the nation of the giant Concord aircraft (probably costing a total £500,000,000 and probably obsolete in ten years) before all factors have been considered, and before it is known whether its noise will be intolerable over land; secondly, the arbitrary decision, made without reference to the total context of transport and amenities, to take a large, hitherto peaceful area of Britain's most fertile farming country at Stanstead, Essex, for a third airport. A fourth will be demanded before long. Yet there are not the hotels to cope with any massive increase of visitors from supersonic liners. Mr. Davy makes two basic suggestions "to control the aerial slums and the noise pollution" that such projects will be likely to encourage. He would ban supersonic flying over land absolutely, without regard to the number of complaints from the current sonic boom tests.

> For the issue is not whether the booms will be "tolerable," but whether we should allow any degradation at all of our environment in the interests of a premium transport for a minority.

Secondly, he suggests that transport needs must be planned as a whole; civil aviation and aircraft cannot be divorced from the rest, nor from the environmental social issues.

All the ways in which we pollute our environment — air, water, earth, food-

stuffs, sound, etc. — come from the failure to see the whole picture in true perspective. This means in depth as well as in breadth, the philosophy and ethics of life, as well as politico-economic considerations. And this holds good for any nation, whatever may be its particular problems.

At the British Medical Association annual meeting at Bristol, 13 July 1967, Mr. Arthur Dickson Wright, consulting surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, London, called for a drastic reduction in the giving of penicillin and other antibiotics. Mr. Dickson Wright, himself a colleague of Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, said, as reported by John Prince (*Daily Telegraph,* 14 July 1967):

> Thirty per cent of disease was caused by doctors and their treatment. Much was due to the incredible over-use of antibiotics. Britain spent £20 million a year on these drugs. Tremendous profits were made.

He held, though other speakers did not agree, that a thousand deaths a year were due to the wrong use of these drugs. Sweden no longer used them and sent chronic bronchitis patients, at Government expense, to winter in the Canary Islands, which had a wonderful climate, and not too expensive living.

This is a courageous stand, and it will be sad if the medical profession in general takes too long in freeing itself from the fallacy that antibiotics are a universal panacea.

James Cameron's autobiography *Point of Departure* (Barker) has brought tributes from the reviewers to the integrity and heart qualities he has retained, somewhat exceptionally, through all the vicissitudes of journalism. As foreign correspondent he has had to cover every aspect of life, in most parts of the world — terror, pity, or dreary pomp; tragedy or mean trickery; greatness or destruction itself. Yet, as reviewer John Raymond (*The Sunday Times,* 9 July 1967) wrote of him:

> The experience had left him scarred and scared — and certainly, as parts of this impressive and moving autobiography reveal, with some right to scarify us all about the world we live in. It has not, as it might in the case of a man less sensitive or generous-minded, left him soured or tough or cynical.

And Anthony Howard (*The Observer,* 9 July 1967) puts a discerning finger on

> ... what exactly it is that James Cameron has always had over even his most accomplished professional rivals. For them curiosity has been everything — for him compassion has always meant more.

Away

What am I doing here?
In this house,
This town
Looking out at those trees?

I should be miles and miles away
Ages and ages away
Worlds and worlds away
Away, away ...

The ache for something not now
Not here;
It is always there.

VIVIAN WORTHINGTON